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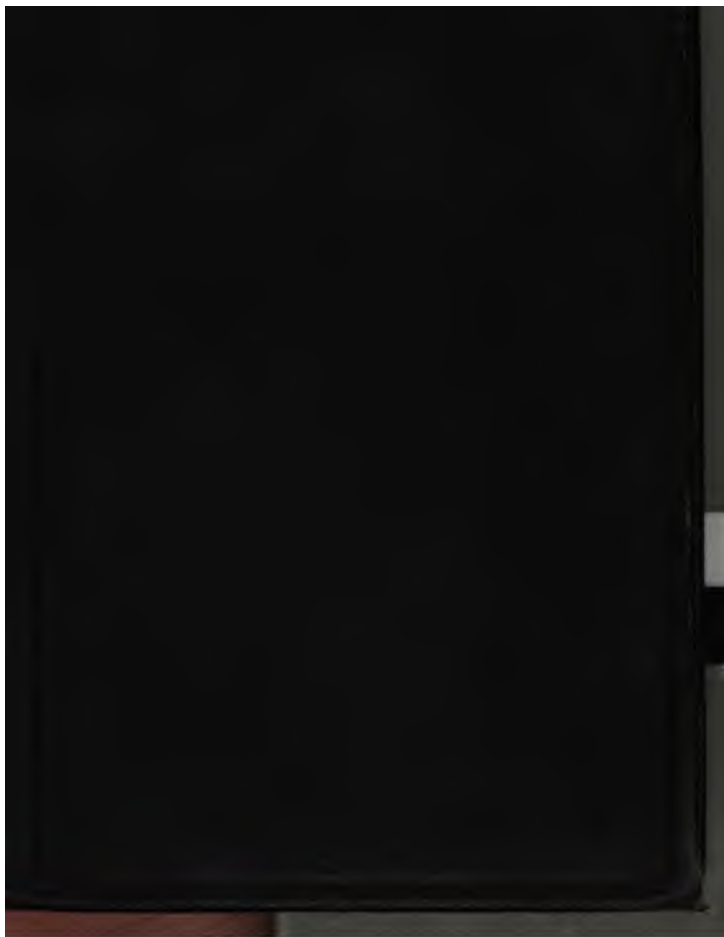
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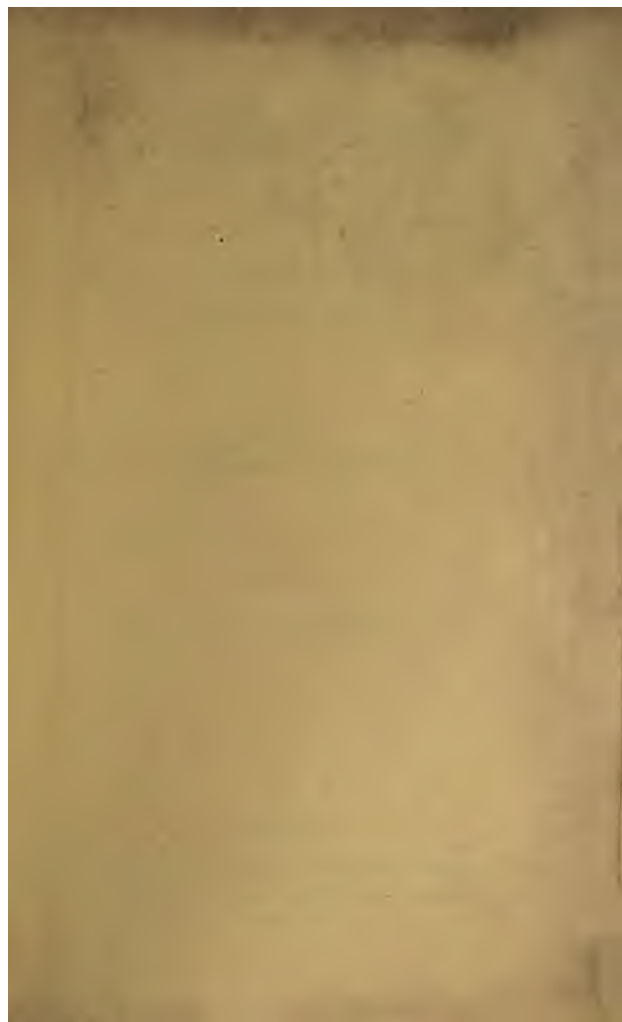
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ORIGINAL HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO GENERAL WORSHIP AND
SPECIAL OCCASIONS;

BY

Various Authors :

AND EDITED BY THE

REV. J. LEIFCHILD, D. D.

LONDON :

SOLD BY WARD AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND KELLY, VIGO STREET, REGENT STREET.

MDCCCXLII.

100,



JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY.

P R E F A C E.

It might be deemed scarcely courteous to present the following compilation of Hymns to the notice of the public, without a brief explanation of the reasons in which it originates, and the deficiency it is intended to supply.

A want was felt by the congregation, for whose use it is principally intended, of a greater variety than was to be found in the collections generally used. Admirable as are many of these selections, yet most of them are supplied from the same general stock, with a small addition of original or new hymns. At first the compiler of the present volume intended to adopt, for the use of his own

PREFACE.

congregation, some one of these well-known collections, as an appendix to Dr. Watts; but the suggestion of a judicious friend, who was consulted, induced the conclusion that an addition to the stock of our sacred poetry, fitted for public worship, could it be effected, would prove both generally useful and acceptable. This conclusion was enforced by the reason, not trivial in itself, that the improved taste of the present age, in the peculiar province of poetical composition, might thereby be met, and many faults avoided, which, though generally perceived and deplored, were sheltered by custom and sacred association, which all are disposed to regard with a lenient eye. The design of producing a volume altogether *new* was therefore entertained. The attempt has been made, and the result is now before the public.

It is not requisite to specify all the faults, or even the principal, which are discernible in various hymn books. The imperfect rhyme in some, and the total disregard of it in others, especially in the first and third lines of hymns in the usual metres,

PREFACE.

must long have been offensive to those whose taste in poetry is at all refined. In the age of Dr. Watts, the venerated father of this species of our sacred poetry, the beauty, harmony, and piety of whose hymns and psalms are rarely equalled, and still more rarely surpassed, defects of rhyme were much less offensive, as Mr. Montgomery observes, than in "this more fastidious age." This is an objection which ought to have weight; and if it can be superseded by removing the fault on which it rests, no slight advantage will be gained. The force of this objection has been so far appreciated, by all who have contributed to the present volume, that the utmost care has been taken to avoid the alleged fault; and it is hoped and believed, not without such a measure of success, as to leave the volume nearly, if not altogether, free from such blemishes.

Concerning the other qualities which may distinguish these hymns, it would neither become their authors, nor the compiler on behalf of the authors, to say more than that their unanimous

PREFACE.

desire has been to contribute to the harmony, devotion, and pleasure of both public and private psalmody.

It is incumbent on the compiler further to observe, that the title, "Original Hymns," is to be understood in a sense partially qualified. The *great majority* of the hymns here presented to the Christian public, were composed by individuals, of various religious denominations, expressly for the present volume. The authors or proprietors of the remainder, which will be distinguished in the list at the end of the volume, as printed "by permission," have assured the compiler, that though some of them have had a restricted publication, yet, with rare exceptions, they have never been in use for congregational singing. To most persons, therefore, they will appear in this form for the first time. If, therefore, some few hymns should not be new to some readers, they will observe that they are new in the sense of being for the first time incorporated in a regular collection for congregational use. This explanation seemed

PREFACE.

necessary to justify the sense in which the title given to the whole has been employed.

The names of the principal contributors, which will be appended to the volume, are nearly all well known to the public, as admired authors of devout compositions of this nature; and are such as to confer a sanction and an attraction upon any work of a religious character to which they may be attached.

Those to which the honoured name of Charles Wesley is affixed, were selected from a large collection by his own hand, never yet published. For the kind and generous permission to use that collection, the editor hereby tenders his sincere and grateful thanks to the possessors of it.

Among the hymns for particular occasions, a greater number of topics will, it is presumed, be found, all of them however sometimes required, than can be met with in any similar publication. Yet number and variety have not been the exclu-

PREFACE.

sive objects aimed at by the compiler. Adaptation has always been considered in connexion with them. It was felt that we did not so much require an abundant as a suitable supply.

The present is an age of improvement in congregational singing. It is more cultivated both as a science and an art. Our sacred music has undergone to some extent, and is still undergoing, a more harmonious arrangement, and is being subjected to a better taste in the selection of airs and tunes. Why then should we not attempt an improvement in our devotional poetry? Devout associations have indeed lent a charm to long-used compositions, of which those must be destitute which are new. This objection, or disadvantage, however, attaches to them only for a season. If the compositions are superior, the objection will gradually die away, for time will form new associations, and use will cause their excellences to be appreciated. If the objection were essentially and permanently valid, it would debar all future advance in this department, and circumscribe, or

PREFACE.

rather petrify us into the antiquated forms of past ages. Pure and fervid as was the piety of our ancestors, and immutable as are the principles and truths of our religion, yet the human mind and the human feelings seek after a chastened variety in religious exercises. By this are they strengthened and refreshed. Every age seeks to express its sentiments and emotions in its own way, and to its own taste. There is no valid reason why our devotional poetry should not conform itself, as far as its nature will allow, to the *beau ideal* of the times.

With these explanatory remarks, the compiler commits the volume to the blessing of God, and consecrates it by prayer to the service of the church; sincerely thanking the various contributors for the aid and the pleasure they have afforded him, and trusting to be himself found, with many other esteemed friends, as long as it is permitted him to remain in this world, employing the vehicles of praise and worship, hereby furnished, in pouring forth grateful and delightful emotions of love and adoration to the Author of all good, in the worship

PREFACE.

of the earthly sanctuary, till it is exchanged for that temple above of which it is the fairest type, and for that worship, perfect and perpetual, of which our present is the foretaste, the preparation, and the pledge.

J. L.

It may not be unnecessary to add, that, in justice to the authors of these hymns, the work has been entered at Stationers' Hall.

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PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND THE
SABBATH DAY.

1. *God revealing himself in Christ.* L. M.

PART I.

O THOU, uncaused, unseen, immense ;
But who can those high thoughts impart ?
Ah, not thine own omnipotence,
Can teach a creature all thou art.

- 2 Infinite good, all-perfect One ;
What words but make thy grandeur less ?
What heaven-strung harp may yield a tone
To tell thy glorious loveliness !
- 3 How then could souls in dust have found,
Or imaged whom they mean t' adore ?
Whom not ' the heaven of heavens ' can bound,
Nor musing seraphs half explore.
- 4 Eternal thanks ; ye souls in dust !
Jehovah hath himself portrayed ;
His ' brightness ' came, to save th' unjust,
E'en lower than his angels made.
- 5 Soar then, my soul, though linked with clay ;
For see, the Word, the Life, the Love,
For thee,—once infant of a day,
Still wears a brother's form above.
- 6 Would'st thou adore th' all-perfect One ?
Ascend to Him that burst the tomb ;
And rise, with that triumphant sun,
From sin's foul mist, and death's low gloom.

HARK ! where the tones of countless lyres,
 Their soft ecstatic anthem raise ;
 List ! where the strains of myriad quires,
 The ' many-crowned ' Conqueror praise.

- 2 The crowns his God-like brow doth bear,
 Divinely pour a radiant flood,
 Each star-eclipsing ruby there,
 Sublimed from drops of richest blood.
- 3 Look yet again, adoring soul,
 See the pierced hand, refulgent too ;
 Its beck doth heaven's high host control ;
 Children of dust, 'twas pierced for you.
- 4 You 'tis extended still to save,
 Still strong his ransomed church to shield :
 Its touch unseals the two-fold grave ;
 And guilt and death their victims yield.
- 5 See ; through that eye, that hand, that heart,
 The triune rays of Godhead beam,
 Thence the Paternal glories dart,
 Thence the Consoler's quickening stream.
- 6 My soul, forget not, while the blaze
 Majestic strikes thy tranced sight ;
 Truth, wisdom, grace, compose its rays,
 Power, though supreme, hath none so bright.
- 7 If Light immortal radiate there,
 Its kindling soul is Love divine :
 Breathe, O my heart, thy deepest prayer ;
 Thirst, pant, aspire ; that love be thine !

3.

Creation.

L. M.

WHEN through the void of space was heard,
 Jehovah ! thy creative word,
 Unnumbered worlds of glorious frame,
 From nothing, to existence came.

- 2 ' Let there be light ! '—in myriad beams,
 The element of beauty streams,
 And a rich robe of thousand dyes,
 Invests the ocean, earth, and skies.
- 3 ' Let us make man ! ' the dust grows warm
 With life, and lo, a human form :
 Superior powers with awe survey,
 God's image, stamped on breathing clay !
- 4 Seraphic hosts enraptured sing
 The triumphs of th' Almighty King,
 And echoing spheres with joy prolong
 The music of that choral song.
- 5 God from on high the scene surveyed,
 And blessed the works his hand had made ;
 Their harps attendant angels swept,
 And earth and heaven one sabbath kept.

4.

" All thy works praise Thee, and thy saints bless thee."

P. M.

MUSIC from every flower,
 Music from every star,
 Fresh music every hour
 To God ascendeth far ;
 By bird, and beast, and wood, and blade,
 Is Nature's ceaseless anthem paid.

- 2 His hand is opened wide
 And million wants are met ;
 Man vaunteth in his pride,
 His own good ' drag and net ; '
Learns but to trace majestic laws,
And worships Nature, as a cause.
- 3 He comes not with delight
 To join Creation's hymn ;
 Its lessons, broad and bright,
 To his dark eye are dim :
He sees nor wisdom, nor design,
But misinterprets every line.
- 4 Father, our souls expand
 Some humble strain to raise ;
 With all that own thy hand
 To give the Maker praise :
Our hearts attune with one accord
To magnify Creation's Lord.
- 5 But still to nobler songs
 Would pardoned sinners rise,
 And join with ransomed throngs
 Who bless thee in the skies :
The God of mercy wakes a chord,
Sublimar than Creation's Lord !

5.

Immanuel.

S. M.

IMMANUEL'S praise we sing
Let it extend through earth ;
To Christ may all their offerings bring,
And magnify his worth.

- 2 By prophets long foretold,
Holy, and just, and true ;
In him our Saviour we behold,
And yield the homage due.
- 3 This ' Day-spring from on high,'
Mercy to cheer us sends ;
It gives the charter to the sky
On which our heaven depends.
- 4 Lord ! consecrate our heart,
Reign sovereign in our breast ;
Immanuel, God with us, thou art,
And on this Rock we rest.

6. " *We are also his offspring.*" L. M.

OFFSPRING of God : we boast the name :
To God let all our voices rise ;
With holy joy the praise proclaim
Of our Great Father in the skies.

- 2 The glory of the burning dawn—
The purple evening's softer ray,
By his command foretells the morn—
With peaceful gladness crowns the day.
- 3 Above this vast revolving world
The heavens unfold their starry scroll ;
Millions of orbs in courses hurled,
Through deep, unbroken silence roll.
- 4 The movements of the universe
Depend on his controlling hand ;
And wide from age to age rehearse
His awful name in every land.

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

- 5 His calm, eternal eye surveys
All things in one unchanging view ;
Each creature lives beneath the gaze
Of ' Him with whom we have to do.'
- 6 Yet wonders still on wonders rise,
The heavens are bright, the earth is fair ;
But far more wondrous in our eyes
This mighty God : he heareth prayer !
- 7 Through Christ the Lord, upon the throne,
To him may vilest sinners go ;
His death will for our guilt atone,
And life in endless joy bestow.

7.

Praise from all beings.

S. M.

YE hoary-headed sires,
Take up Jehovah's praise ;
His love with gratitude inspires,
For life, and length of days.

- 2 Ye men of firmer mould,
Oh ! spread abroad his fame ;
And to the rising race unfold
The glories of his name.
- 3 Maidens and youth, awake
To life's first budding joy,
While yet its pleasures ye partake,
Let God your thoughts employ.
- 4 Let childhood's early songs,
With infants' lisping voice,
Praise Him to whom all praise belong
And in our God rejoice.

THE SABBATH DAY.

- 5 Let earth, with all her forms,
The planets, vast and fair,
Whirlwinds, and fire, and awful storms,
Their Maker's praise declare.
- 6 Blest saints around the throne,
Praise to our God ye bring,
In strains of melody, unknown
For mortal lips to sing.
- 7 While angels, clothed in light,
Repeat the song again,
Let all in heaven and earth unite
To raise the loud Amen.

8. *The only begotten Son of God.* L. M.

- LOW at thy feet, Eternal Power,
Mysterious Infinite, we fall :
Be this the consecrated hour
In which we feel thee all in all.
- 2 In vain our grovelling natures aim
To climb th' immeasurable hill ;
Yet help us noble thoughts to frame,
True to the theme, though finite still.
- *3 Great, peerless, co-existent Son,
Only begotten, living ray ;
Among the sons of light are none
Thy wondrous being to portray.
- 4 Ten thousand seraph natures burn,
Ten thousand saints of mortal frame,
From the great Father come, return,
And live, his sons, of varied name :

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

- 5 But thou, his Son, in sense supreme,
Eternal, underived, Thou ;
O how shall reason meet the theme,
Yes, meet it, reason, praise and bow.
- 6 Hang o'er that infinite abyss,
Thy very soul as nothing laid,
And shield thy nothingness in this—
That Son thy Saviour hath been made !

9. *Hymn to the Holy Spirit.* 6 lines 8s.

- BLEST Spirit ! from the Eternal Sire
And Son proceeding ; promised ; sent !
'Tis thine the first good thought t' inspire,
By thee the obdurate repent,
The penitent by thee believe,
The saints thy holiness receive.
- 2 Thy deity the saints adore,
Thy offices of mercy bless,
Thy help in utmost need implore,
Thy all-sufficiency confess ;
Without thee, wretched, poor, and blind ;
Wealth, wisdom, joy, in thee they find.
- 3 If e'er to forms of truth I gave
The homage due, great Lord, to thee,
E'er deemed the cross could, spell-like, save,
While yet thou dwelledst not in me ;
Reprove my folly, but forgive,
And make me understand, and live.
- 4 Thou gav'st the word, and must apply ;
Thou know'st the Son, and must make known ;
In vain he died, and rose on high,
And stoops, beseeching, from his throne,

THE SABBATH DAY.

Till thou this alien heart prepare,
And gain for Christ an entrance there.

5 O ! could I always know thee near,
 'Midst means and ministries of grace ;
Thy footstep in my closet hear,
 Thy finger on my Bible trace !
My God ! here find—here grant thy rest,
Pleased inmate of my peaceful breast !

6 Nor me alone instruct, rejoice ;
 All souls are thine—teach, comfort all !
Let each soon recognise thy voice
 In every evangelic call ;
Each feel thy halcyon-rest within,
Calming the storms of dread and sin.

7 Thus searching the deep things of God,
 And witnessing his mind to us,
Where'er peace dwells, or truth hath trod,
 Reveal thy own true Person thus !
And, with all majesty Divine,
All praise, blest Spirit, shall be thine.

10.

Universal praise.

7s.

ALL thy works, with one accord,
Magnify thee, mighty Lord ;
While the heavens thy glory show,
Earth extols thy love below.

2 Day to day doth utter speech,
Night to night thy knowledge teach ;
Nature's universal frame
Echoes, ' Hallowed be thy name !'

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

- 3 Life, through all its breathing forms,
Death, from darkness, dust, and worms,
In ten thousand wondrous ways,
Fearfully set forth thy praise.
- 4 Here the lips of infancy
Sweet hosannas sing to thee ;
Youth and age, in louder lays,
Joyful hallelujahs raise.
- 5 While adoring seraphim
Thine eternal Godhead hymn,
Saints redeemed, with victory crowned,
Calvary's cross-won triumphs sound.
- 6 May thy church from age to age,
In her house of pilgrimage,
Train for thee her convert-throngs,
And thy statutes be their songs.

11.

The bounty of the Creator.

L. M.

- THE Lord upholdeth those that fall ;
Those who are bowed down with care,
He raiseth up, and ever shall,
The sons of penitence and prayer.
- 2 Thou who didst every form create,
Hast o'er the earth thy goodness spread ;
The eyes of all upon thee wait,
And from thy bounteous stores are fed.
 - 3 Thou dost a rich supply provide ;
Constant as blushing morn awakes
Thy liberal hand is opened wide,
And every living thing partakes.

THE SABBATH DAY.

- 4 Thou art the good man's only trust,
His refuge in the darkest day ;
Holy art thou in all thou dost,
And righteous in thine every way.

12.

Thankfulness.

L. M.

- WE thank thee, Lord of heaven and earth,
Who hast preserved us from our birth ;
Redeemed us oft from death and dread,
And with thy gifts our table spread.
- 2 The fabric of this earthly frame,
First from thy sovereign fiat came ;
And, at thy word, the spangled sky
Proclaimed thine own infinity.
- 3 But though so high, the King of kings,
Thou dost behold the meanest things ;
Dost now the spheres in order roll,
And now support the contrite soul !
- 4 We thank thee for thy still, small voice,
Which oft has checked our wayward choice ;
For life preserved, for senses clear,
And for our friendships, doubly dear.
- 5 Thy providence has been our stay,
When other helps were far away ;
Our constant guide, through every stage,
From infancy to riper age.
- 6 How shall we half our task fulfil ?
We thank thee for thy mind and will,
For present joys, for blessings past,
And for the hope of heaven at last.

13. *Adoration of the God of nature and providence.*
P. M.

O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love.
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 This earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty ! thy power
Hath founded of old ;
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light :
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,

And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end.
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

6 O measureless might,
Ineffable love ;
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration,
Shall lisp to thy praise.

14. *The excellence of the Scriptures.* L. M. double.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word :
The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

2 When, taught by painful proof to know
That all is vanity below,
The sinner roams from comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star ;

Soft gleaming then those lights divine,
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
And sweetly to his ravished eye
Disclose the "Day-spring from on high."

- 3 The heart in sensual fetters bound,
And barren as the wintry ground,
Confesses, Lord, thy quickening ray ;—
Thy word can charm the spell away ;
With genial influence can beguile
The frozen wilderness to smile ;
Bid living waters o'er it flow,
And all be paradise below.
- 4 Almighty Lord ! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky ;
But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

15.

God kind, but just.

L. M.

THE Lord supports each contrite heart ;
To all who humbly seek his face
He doth the best of gifts impart,
The priceless treasures of his grace.

- 2 No perils need their breasts alarm,
Though thickest dangers round they see ;
God will preserve their souls from harm,
And their eternal portion be.

- 3 But whilst thy guardian arms are spread
Round those who thee their refuge make,
Where shall the sinner hide his head,
When thou, O Lord, shalt vengeance take?
- 4 All those on thee who humbly wait,
And in thy praise their hours employ,
Ere long shall enter Zion's gate,
But thou the wicked wilt destroy.
- 5 Thee, O my God ! my tongue shall bless,
Thee will I praise, and thee adore :
Let all mankind thy power confess,
From this time forth and evermore.

16. "*My soul doth magnify the Lord.*" L. M. double.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
The Lord who reigns in realms above ;
Let earth and heaven with one accord
Proclaim his miracles of love.
Though countless worlds his sceptre own,
Though seraphs bow before his face,
Yet mortals may approach his throne,
And sinners share his pardoning grace.

- 2 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
Who in our low estate drew nigh,
And, mindful of his gracious word,
Gave his own Son for man to die.
The hungry soul with good he fills ;
The proud he scatters with a breath ;
On contrite hearts his grace distils,
To save them from eternal death.
- 3 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
To whom immortal thanks are due,

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

For every gift his hands afford,
For every hope his words renew :
Too short is life the strain to raise,
With feeble hands the harp we string ;
But through eternity our praise
Shall rise, like incense, to our King.

17.

The Saviour's love.

S. M.

THE grateful voice we raise,
The knee to Christ we bend,
The Saviour glorified we praise,
Our advocate and friend.

2 While we have tongues to pray,
While we have breath to sing,
Our prayer and praise shall, night and day,
Extol our heavenly King.

3 The spotless Lamb of God,
From heaven to save us came ;
He bought us with his precious blood,
And blessed be his name !

4 Amid this concourse vast,
We sing the Saviour's love :
That theme which shall for ever last
In the bright world above.

18.

A Saviour.

7s.

SING a Saviour ! he is sent
To fulfil heaven's high intent :
Seers proclaim him ; signs are strowed,
Regal like, along his road.

THE SABBATH DAY.

- 2 Sing a Saviour ! he is born,
Star of a still holier morn ;
Clouds of wrath its light o'ercast,
But the storm from us hath passed.
- 3 Sing a Saviour ! he is risen ;
Justice hath unbarred his prison,
And our faithful Surety freed,
Life to claim, and blood to plead.
- 4 Sing a Saviour ! now he reigns ;
Shivered are ten thousand chains,
Soothed is sorrow, quelled is strife,
Death is swallowed up in life.
- 5 Sing a Saviour ! *me* he saved,
Love's triumphal banner waved
O'er his conquered captive me ;
Welcome this captivity !
- 6 Sing a Saviour ! speak his fame,
Spread the virtue of his name ;
Saved ones, your success repeat,
Bring your fellows to his feet.
- 7 Sing a Saviour ! lo, they come.
At the first glad tidings some,
Others after long delays ;
Nations come, the world obeys !
- 8 Oh, whene'er a wretch I see
All but vile as God saw me,
Sinfullest of sinful men,
I will sing a Saviour then.
- 9 When on death's lone bed I lie,
Languishing in peace to die,
May some spirit, hovering near,
Sing a Saviour in mine ear,

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

- 10 When he comes our Judge to be,
Whom himself hath saved, may we,
Waking, wondering, worshipping,
Our eternal Saviour sing!

19. "*I beseech thee show me thy glory.*" C. M.

- MAKE me, O God, thyself to know,
My humble powers expand,
And all thy glorious goodness show,
Revealed by thine own hand.
- 2 How feebly aims my earthly soul
That height of heights to climb;
Content to grovel as the mole,
In dust and shades of time.
- 3 But oh the grandeur of the sight
Beyond that shining veil!
How small a glimpse would be delight
'Neath which the mind would fail.
- 4 Paul in ecstatic vision saw
Unutterable things,
And seraph legions hide in awe
Their faces with their wings.
- 5 Prepare me for that hour of bliss,
When I the joy may share,
And soar into the bright abyss,
And feel thee present there.
- 6 Give me faint gleamings of thy grace,
From low admixture free,
And by its purifying rays
Refine my soul to see,—

THE SABBATH DAY.

- 7 To see thee glorious, holy, good,
To see, delight, adore,
And still, as dimly understood,
To love, and long for more.
- 8 Thus may my heaven on earth begin,
Be thus thy glory shown ;
Till safe those pearly gates within,
I know as I am known.

20. “ *For with him is plenteous redemption.*” L. M.

- FROM depths of grief, O God most high,
To thee we raise our trembling eye,
Oppressed with doubt on life's rough sea,
Our souls for refuge fly to thee.
- 2 If thou iniquity should'st mark,
We sink without a sheltering ark,
Oh send thine olive branch of peace,
And bid our dark forebodings cease.
- 3 The blood on ancient altars spilt
Some hope revealed to conscious guilt,
But Jesus, dying on the tree,
Speaks boundless mercy, Lord, from thee.
- 4 That mercy once so dearly bought,
Mercy beyond a seraph's thought,
Mercy to cancel sin's vast sum,
Lord, for that mercy now we come.
- 5 Not those who watch through midnight skies
View with more joy the dayspring rise,
Than contrite spirits long to trace
The dawning beam of heavenly grace.

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

- 6 Yet not despondingly we kneel ;
The hope thy word inspires we feel ;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And full redemption ask of thee.

21. " *I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence
cometh my help.*" C. M.

O THOU, the Lord of worlds unknown,
Sovereign of earth and sea,
To the safe shelter of thy throne
Our souls in danger flee.

- 2 Thou, from whom time itself had birth,
Wilt still thy church defend,
Nor need they fear the storms of earth
Who find in heaven a friend.

- 3 Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall smite or injure those
Who in the calm, or through the fight,
On Israel's strength repose.

- 4 Jehovah, by his ceaseless care,
Whose eye can never sleep,
From earthly foes, from Satan's snare,
Our souls shall safely keep.

- 5 Amidst a thousand threatening ills
Which o'er our path impend,
Calmly we look to those bright hills
Whence God our help shall send.

- 6 He from between the cherubim
Looks down our course to see ;
In life, my soul, be thou with him,
In death he shelters thee.

22.

"Who madest thee to differ?"

S. M.

- IN praise my soul expand,
Thy mercies to record;
If thou by sovereign favour stand,
All glory to the Lord.
- 2 In deepest depths of sin
Thou mightest yet have dwelt;
No voice of pardon heard within,
Nor pang of conscience felt.
- 3 Alas, what numbers lie
In Satan's bondage still,
Sad heirs of immortality,
Led captive at his will.
- 4 And who thy fetters broke,
Thy secret cavils hushed?
The word of peace and reason spoke,
And all the rebel crushed.
- 5 My God, my spirit bows
To goodness so divine;
Upon me ever be the vows
That own and keep me thine.

23.

God our refuge.

C. M.

- OUR refuge God the Saviour is,
A present help in need;
From dread of all calamities
His chosen ones are freed.
- 2 They will not fear, though quakes the world,
Nor feels its pillars strong,
Though roars the sea, and hills are hurled
Its swelling tide along.

- 3 There is a softly flowing stream,
 Its margin I have trod ;
 Which gladdens with its sunny gleam
 The city of our God.
- 4 It murmurs near the holy place,
 Where stands Jehovah's shrine,
 And tells me, his almighty grace
 Is Zion's strength, and mine.

24.

God blessing his worshippers.

L. M.

- O** LORD our God, in mercy bend
 To look on all assembled here ;
 And while our songs to heaven ascend,
 Be present every heart to cheer.
- 2 Eternal life is in thy smile,
 And blissful peace thy favour brings ;
 E'en heaven itself is felt the while
 We rest beneath thy gracious wings.
- 3 Thou Light of life ! in whom we see
 The depths of deity revealed,
 Shine thou in us, and grant that we
 May be with thine own Spirit sealed.
- 4 Held by thine arm, no earthly power
 Shall e'er our hearts from thee remove,
 E'en in affliction's trying hour
 We rest securely in thy love.
- 5 Let every other voice be mute,
 And love to thee alone prevail ;
 Be this our aim, our sole pursuit,
 To gain that love which ne'er shall fail.

25. "*I will bless thee ; and thou shalt be a blessing.*" L. M

- WHERE'ER the patriarch pitched his tent,
 He built an altar to his God ;
 And sanctified, where'er he went,
 With faith and prayer, the ground he trod.
- 2 Through all the east for riches famed,
 (Heaven's gifts) he set his heart on none,
 Nor when the dearest was reclaimed,
 Withheld his son, his only son.
- 3 Wherefore in blessing he was blest ;
 Friendless, the friend of God became ;
 Long wandering, every where found rest ;
 Long childless, nations bear his name.
- 4 Nor nations born of blood alone ;
 The father of the faithful he,
 Where'er his promised seed is known,
 Faith's heirs are his posterity.
- 5 My God, if called like him to roam,
 Glad may I all for thee forsake ;
 My God, what thou hast made my home,
 Let me thy sanctuary make.
- 6 Thy law, thy love, be my delight,
 Whate'er I do, or think, or am,
 Walking by faith and not by sight,
 Like a true child of Abraham.

26. "*Ye shall worship before this altar.*" S. M.

THIS altar is the Lord,
 Our Lord and God most high,
 By all his saints beneath adored,
 By all above the sky.

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

- 2 Raised by Almighty hands,
 To Adam's offspring given,
 'Twixt God and man this altar stands,
 And earth unites to heaven.
- 3 This altar ever lives,
 And did for sin atone,
 Hallows the offerings it receives,
 And bears them to the throne.
- 4 Us to the throne it bears,
 Mixed with the sacred flame,
 And God accepts the worshippers
 Who bow in Jesus' name.

27. "Mine house shall be called a house of prayer for
all people." L. M.

‘**M**INE house shall be an house of prayer,
For all that live to worship there :’
Thus saith the Lord : what then say we ?
‘Thine house our house of prayer shall be.’

- 2 'Wherever I my name record,
There will I meet you,' saith the Lord :
Thee in thy house of prayer we meet ;
Now bless us from the mercy-seat.
- 3 Thus spake the Lord : ' My Son, to thee
Swear every tongue, bow every knee :'
Father, by us thy will be done ;
We bow the knee, we ' kiss the Son.'
- 4 His throne and kingdom thus advance,
The world be his inheritance ;
And for all people every where,
Thine house be called an house of prayer.

28. " *Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God.*" L. M.

WHEREWITH, O great eternal King,
Shall mortals in thy presence bow ;
What tribute should our spirits bring,
Before a God so just as thou ?

- 2 Shall thousand rams on altars bleed ?
Shall precious oil in rivers flow ?
Can incense, rites, or offerings, plead,
To rescue guilty souls from woe ?
- 3 The Lord himself to man hath shown,
In nature's night a dawning ray,
And through a Saviour's death made known
The safe, the new, the living way.
- 4 And what doth God of man require
But justice, mercy, faith, and love ?
Those graces which on earth inspire
A joy like that of saints above.
- 5 In vain we look for pardoning grace
Apart from filial, contrite fear ;
For none in heaven may view thy face,
Who have not borne thine image here.
- 6 Father, who dost so freely give
The hope that sets thy children free,
Teach us, constrained by love, to live,
And humbly walk, O Lord, with thee.

29. *On the same subject.* L. M.

HOW shall we come before the Lord ?
And how approach to the Most High ?
Met in his house with one accord,
At his commandment, we draw nigh.

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

2 Not hecatombs he now requires,
The daily blood of slaughtered beasts,
Quenched are the ancient altar-fires,
Extinct the line of typic priests.

3 Man's only Mediator stands,
Before the Father's throne to plead
His sole atonement: in his hands
Our cause is safe; it must succeed.

4 The broken heart in sacrifice,
The contrite spirit let us bring,
For thou, O God, wilt not despise
Thine own appointed offering.

30. *"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow :
—and that every tongue should confess that Jesus
Christ is Lord."* C. M.

BEND every knee at Jesus' name;
And every tongue confess;
Let the redeemed with joy proclaim
The Lord their righteousness.

2 To him through all the rounds of time,
Perpetual prayer be made;
O'er sea and land, from clime to clime,
Homage to him be paid.

3 Ye young, ye old, with every breath,
Let praise like incense rise;
Life be 'the daily offering,'—death
'The evening sacrifice.'

4 Let heaven and earth reply 'Amen!'
And all their hosts adore
The Lord of angels and of men,
For ever, evermore.

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

- 2 We praise thee that thy word makes known
This way to peace and heaven;
That Christ to seeking souls is shown,
And faith by hearing given.
- 3 Oft have our listening ears received,
The tidings rich and free ;
Oft have our joyful hearts believed,
And rested, Lord, on thee.
- 4 Still will we wait at wisdom's door,
And sit at Jesus' feet :
Receiving much, we long for more,
When at his board we meet.
- 5 Not wearisome shall sabbaths seem,
If thus our souls commune :
While grace and glory form our theme,
The moments fly too soon.

33. *Christian offerings at worship.* 7s. double.

NOT the cedar, not the gold,
Not the gems on Aaron's breast,
Purple, blue, and scarlet fold,
Twined linen, mitred crest ;
Not the temple's courts sublime,
Whither thronged the tribes of yore,
Not its day of brightest prime,
Equal grace and glory bore.

- 2 Rent the veil ! nor stone on stone
Of that gorgeous building stands ;
Days of type and shade are flown,
Here Messiah spreads his hands ;
His the blessing here we claim,
His the fane at which we bow ;

THE SABBATH DAY.

Saviour, come we in thy name ;
Manifest thy glory now.

3 Consecrate to thee, we thus
Treasures on thine altar lay,
Each, as God hath prospered us,
Fain the debt of love to pay ;
No!—for ever, of thine own,
Could we contribution bring,
Still we debtors were alone,
Mean the amplest offering.

4 We for whom the Lord of heaven
Rich, yet low and poor became ;
We to whom the charge is given,
' Go, and teach ye in my name ;'
We who, under sweet constraint,
Bear his banner, own him King,
Bound to serve and never faint,
Thus a willing tribute bring.

34. " Look down from heaven, and behold, and
this vine." S.

SHEPHERD of Israel, hear,
Thou who, enthroned on high,
Hast always bent a listening ear
To Zion's suppliant cry.

2 Between the cherubim
In mercy thou dost dwell ;
Hear us, for the dear sake of Him
Who crushed the powers of hell.

3 As when thine ancient foes,
Were sunk beneath the wave,
So gird thyself with strength, for those
Who trust thy power to save.

PRAISE, WORSHIP, AND

- 4 The church, a fruitful vine,
Planted by thy right hand,
Mourns that her enemies combine
To root her from the land.
- 5 Soon will the foe prevail,
Soon all our graces die,
Our faith, our love, our joy must fail,
If thou thine aid deny.
- 6 Return, O Lord of hosts,
And visit this thy vine,
Expand its roots throughout our coasts,
Nor let its branch decline.
- 7 The brightness of thy face
Through every age make known,
So we, thy flock, O God of grace,
Thy ceaseless love will own.

35. *The church's comforts, and freedom from persecution.*
P. M.

- OH the grace to all abounding
Full as is the sinner's need ;
Here the proclamation sounding
Calleth him who runs to read :
Freely welcome,
Come, ye famished ones, and feed.
- 2 Heaven the royal feast provideth,
Biddeth want and woe to come ;
No ! nor man the bounty hideth ;
Persecution's voice is dumb.
Righteous freedom,
Bless our land long years to come.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

Lord, be my surety, answer No,
And all my wanderings heal.

61. " *And not as Moses, who put a veil over his face.*"

S. M.

MOSES, a dimmer light,
To Jesus led the way ;
He was the moon that ruled the night,
The sun now rules the day.

2 As o'er his features then
The needed veil was thrown,
The scheme that ransomed wretched men
Was made but darkly known.

3 But Christ with open face
The gospel plainly shows ;
And while we look and love to gaze,
A blest resemblance grows.

4 Yet clearer light remains
In which he will be seen,
When death, with all his lingering pains,
No more shall intervene.

5 O Saviour, rend the veil
Which half conceals thee still,
Till we may join the saints who hail
Thy reign on yonder hill.

62. " *A man is not justified by the works of the law,
but by the faith of Jesus Christ.*"

C. M.

NO work of ours, no law fulfilled,
A title gains to heaven ;
The best obedience we can yield
Needs still to be forgiven.

AND DUTIES.

- 2 One seamless garment is the vest
The pardoned soul must own ;
Received, the wedding's happy guest,
In this, and this alone.
- 3 'Tis for his blessed sake who died
To yield to law its claim,
A sinner can be justified,
Here, only, hide his shame.
- 4 Yes, with my depth of crimson guilt,
My weakness, want, and woe,
To that rich blood on Calvary spilt
I'll look, I'll hope, I'll go.

63. " *All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ.*" 148th.

- THE glorious work is done,
The firm foundation laid ;
Our God hath sent his Son,
The Son his life hath paid ;
Justice and mercy frame the plan
That reconcileth sinful man.
- 2 From his, the Father's, heart
The royal bounty flowed ;
The Saviour bears his part,
And takes the sinner's load ;
Th' award of righteous doom controls,
And opens heaven to pardoned souls.
- 3 What letteth sinner, now ?
He calleth, rise and go ;
That stubborn sinew bow
Ere crushed by weight of woe :
Impediment is borne aside
By mercy's unobstructed tide.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

4 My soul the summons hear,
Attend, believe, rejoice ;
The word of grace is clear,
And pleads with ceaseless voice ;
The great commission in their hand,
Behold, the appointed heralds stand.

5 Ye who surround your Lord,
And tidings gladly bear,
With angel-joy record
A stricken rebel's prayer :
Saviour, thy work is all my plea,
This day be joy in heaven for me.

64. *" There is therefore now no condemnation to them
that are in Christ Jesus."* S. M.

NO condemnation now !
My soul, with wonder gaze :
Thy fathers, what ? and what art thou,
To claim th' amazing grace ?

2 A clod, to earth allied ;
A rebel, doomed to hell ;
Worthless and vile, yet justified ;
Oh love unspeakable !

3 Beyond an angel's thought
The strange release to plan ;
The Son of God the tidings brought,
The love of God to man.

4 A Saviour, just, as kind,
The sinner's guilt he bore ;
Now, the long scroll is cast behind,
And shall be found no more.

AND DUTIES.

- 5 My soul, the boon receive,
Thy powers, thy being bow,
And humbly, for thyself, believe,
No condemnation now!

65.

Faith.

L. M.

- HOW blest it is to live by faith,
And cast our burden on the Lord ;
To credit what the Saviour saith,
And rest, confiding in his word !
- 2 To find a refuge in his breast
From every deep, corroding care,
And feel that calm recovering rest,
Which none but Zion's children share.
- 3 To realize a Saviour's love,
To pierce beyond this vale of tears,
To see our home prepared above,
And rise superior to our fears.
- 4 To welcome all his sovereign will
And in his constant care confide ;
To claim him as our portion still,
Though each created stream were dried.
- 5 To trace him through the darkest hour,
Recall his reconciled face,
And vanquish sin and Satan's power,
Renewed by all-sufficient grace.

66.

" Behold the Lamb of God."

S. M.

- NOT on the Father's frown,
O trembling sinner, gaze ;
But 'neath the smiles of God the Son,
Retrace thy wandering ways.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 2 Not on dark Sinai's smoke,
Heart-stricken sinner, look ;
But pierce beyond, for he who spoke
That law, its sentence took.
- 3 Not to the Jewish code,
Its ceremonial rites,
Not to the blood that daily flowed,
The gospel scheme invites.
- 4 The mystic meaning now
Of blood for ages spilt,
Behold, where hangs on Calvary's brow
One sacrifice for guilt.
- 5 On that life-giving tree,
Our sins, our hopes, abide ;
Nor is it vain, nor can it be,
That there we *all* confide.
- 6 The rocks, the graves, uprent,
The temple's severed vest,
Mid-day the darkened firmament,
His victory attest.
- 7 The Lord the tomb hath burst,
Ascending thence on high ;
No more is now the grave accurst
To those in Christ who die.
- 8 But when his thunders hurled,
The day of doom shall bring,
They, from this fast dissolving world,
Shall rise, and rising sing :
- 9 A never-ceasing song
The ransomed choir shall raise :
Oh may we join that blessed throng,
And humbly swell the praise.

67. "*The place that is called Calvary.*" 6 lines 8s.

GREAT Source of life and power divine,
 Through all thy works what wonders shine !
 Yet, while vast worlds proclaim thy skill,
 And earth reflects thy glory still,
 One spot transcends them all to me,
 The sacred hill of Calvary.

- 2 Not Eden's groves, nor Jordan's stream,
 Not Bethel with its mystic dream,
 Nor Sinai where the law was given,
 Nor Tabor clothed with light from heaven,
 Nor all earth's noblest scenes, can be
 So dear to man as Calvary.
- 3 'Twas there the Friend of sinners died,
 The Lord of life was crucified :
 Alone the suffering Saviour trod
 The wine-press of the wrath of God ;
 Heaven, in mute wonder, stooped to see
 A world redeemed on Calvary.
- 4 The trembling earth its Sovereign knew,
 The astonished sun his light withdrew,
 The veil was rent, the dead arose,
 Strange terror shook the Conqueror's foes ;
 Now dawned the year of jubilee,
 Midst rending rocks, on Calvary.
- 5 O Lamb of God ! in darkest days
 Thy cross shall fix my constant gaze ;
 Though hell accuse, though death be near,
 And the last trumpet's tones I hear,
 My faith shall ne'er resign the plea
 Sealed by thy blood on Calvary.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 6 Saviour ! in purer realms above,
When we retrace thy boundless love,
Myriads will feel before thy throne,
Where every heart is all thy own,
The tie that closest binds to thee,
Was first derived from Calvary.

68. " *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive
honour and glory.*" C. M.

- UP to the everlasting hills
I lift my wondering eyes,
And see the throne the Saviour fills,
Beyond the circling skies.
- 2 He sits in majesty divine
Amidst his saints above ;
They see his brightest glories shine,
And drink unchanging love.
- 3 There in delight and holy joy
The blessed moments roll ;
No sin, no sorrow, to annoy
The ever-happy soul.
- 4 Nothing but life, and love, and peace,
And endless bliss, is known ;
While they, with hymns that never cease,
Worship around the throne.
- 5 ' Worthy the Lamb who died for us,'
The ransomed armies cry :
' Worthy to be exalted thus,'
Angelic hosts reply.
- 6 The church below her humble song
Would join with choirs above ;
While in his house a grateful throng
Proclaims redeeming love.

69.

Christ the Second Adam.

P. M.

WHEN with sighs we look around us,
 Wide apostacy we see ;
 Evils, multiplied, confound us,
 Traced to the forbidden tree :
 Lord, mysterious are thy ways,
 While we tremble, still we praise.

- 2 Though in Adam all have perished,
 Sovereign mercy we adore ;
 Hope in heaven may yet be cherished,
 Christ is still the open door :
 To the Second Adam we,
 Joyful, for deliverance flee.

- 3 Great Redeemer ! take possession
 Of our hearts, both young and old.
 Thou didst die for our transgression,
 When we had our birthright sold :
 Saviour, Advocate, and Friend,
 Guide us safe till life shall end.

70.

Man redeemed and not angels. L. M. double.

OUR race, apostatized from heaven,
 And lost to purity and bliss,
 Accursed and hopeless, had been driven
 With devils to their dread abyss ;
 Had not th' Almighty Father's mind,
 Self-moved to pity, formed the scheme,
 Where wisdom, power, and grace combined
 His truth to honour—yet redeem.

- 2 The souls he made, though vile to view,
He hated not, nor doomed to die
The living death, so justly due
To fresh revolt—to crimes so high.
How great the mystery of the plan !
God's equal Son our form put on,
To answer for the rebel man,
And raise a world to ruin gone.
- 3 He left proud angels to their doom,
But sought our earth, conversed with pain,
With death itself—then burst the tomb,
And rose to endless life again.
The work 's achieved, redemption wrought,
And heaven's high claims in full sustained ;
Glory to God supreme is brought,
To men good will and peace regained.
- 4 Divine Redeemer ! now arrayed
In heavenly majesty above ;
Thy mighty toils can ne'er be paid ;
Thy love we would return with love.
O, let the Spirit of thy grace
Impart the things that tell of thee ;
And be our hearts the dwelling-place
Of faith, and hope, and charity.

71. *Man loved and redeemed beyond the angels.*
L. M.

NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
Yea, sinners may address their King,
In songs that angels cannot sing.

- 2 They praise the Lamb, that once was slain ;
Yet we can add a higher strain :

Not only say 'He suffered thus,'
But that 'He suffered all for us.'

- 3 Yet, oh, how faint our praises rise !
Since 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we who share this love untold,
Can be so unconcerned and cold.
- 4 O glorious hour ! it comes with speed ;
We shall behold, from darkness freed,
Th' Incarnate One who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

72. *Christ the Head of angels as ministering spirits.*
L. M.

HIGH on his mediatorial throne
The Saviour sits, and sits alone :
Attendant spirits round him dwell,
Bright angels who in strength excel.

- 2 With outstretched wings they ready stand,
And wait the motions of his hand ;
To worlds on high, or worlds below,
On errands of his love to go.
- 3 All ministering spirits they,
Sent forth to be his people's stay ;
Instructed in their hands to bear,
And guard their lives with constant care.
- 4 Here a whole legion from the skies
Downward with large commission flies,
Some chosen nation to defend,
Or on some threatened seer attend.
- 5 Their various movements who may trace ?
Some, guardians of the infant race ;
Some stay the weary, lest they faint ;
Some hover round the dying saint.

- 6 The dictates of the Saviour's will
In every service they fulfil ;
And then return to tell their Lord ;
His approbation their reward.

73. "*Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?*"
C. M.

WHICH of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth,
With all the heavenly powers ?

- 2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

- 3 With them we march securely on,
Throughout Immanuel's ground ;
And not an uncommissioned stone
Our guarded feet shall wound :

- 4 No enemy our souls insnare,
No casual evil grieve,
Nor can we lose a single hair
Without our Father's leave.

PAUSE.

- 5 Angels where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

- 6 A sudden thought t' escape the blow,
A ready help we find,
And to their secret presence owe
The presence of our mind.

- 7 Their instrumental aid, unknown,
 They day and night supply ;
 And free from fear we lay us down,
 Though Satan's host be nigh.
- 8 Our lives the holy angels keep
 From every hostile power ;
 And unconcerned we sweetly sleep,
 As Adam in his bower.
- 9 Jehovah's charioteers surround ;—
 The ministerial quire
 Encamp, where'er his heirs are found,
 And form our wall of fire.
- 10 Ten thousand offices unseen
 For us they gladly do,
 Deliver in the furnace keen,
 And safe escort us through.
- 11 But thronging round, with busiest love
 They guard the dying breast,
 The lurking fiend far off remove,
 And sing our souls to rest :
- 12 And when our spirits we resign,
 On outstretched wings they bear,
 And lodge us in the arms Divine,
 And leave us ever there.

74.

To Christ as High Priest.

S. M.

HOW gracious, kind, and good,
 My great High Priest, art thou !
 As Aaron in the holiest stood,
 So Christ in heaven now.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 2 When conscience would despair,
By reason of my sin,
Thy blood can banish all its care,
And peace restore within.
- 3 It gives the anxious mind
A confidence in thee;
Though nothing in ourselves we find,
But insufficiency.
- 4 Whene'er my footsteps slide,
And when my spirit fails,
I flee to thy dear bleeding side,
And humble faith prevails.
- 5 Then feels my deepest smart
The soul-reviving power,
And gently rests my troubled heart
Beneath the crimson shower.

75.

Christ's intercession.

C. M.

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed
For sinners to atone,
And still for them dost intercede
Before the Father's throne;

- 2 To thee, our great High Priest, we come,
To thee our offerings bring,
And but for thee should now be dumb
Before th' eternal King.
- 3 Thy blood and spotless righteousness
Are our continual plea;
And whilst the Father we address,
We do it still through thee.

- 4 Our offering and our Priest art thou,
 Whose prayer acceptance gains ;
 Plead thou for us, thy children, now
 Thy merits and thy pains.

76. *Hymn on our Saviour's intercession.* L. M.

- HOW shall a contrite spirit pray ?
 A broken heart its griefs make known ?
 A weary wanderer find the way
 To peace and rest?—Through Christ alone.
- 2 He died, that we might die to sin ;
 He rose, that we to God might rise :
 By his own blood he entered in
 The holy place beyond the skies.
- 3 There, as our great High Priest, he stands,
 And pleads before the mercy-seat :
 Our cause is in his faithful hands,
 Our enemies beneath his feet.
- 4 Father, in him we claim our part ;
 For thy Son's sake accept us now :
 In him well-pleased thou always art ;
 Well-pleased with us through him be thou.
- 5 O look on thine Anointed One ;
 Thy gift of him is all our plea,
 Our righteousness—what he hath done,
 Our prayer—*his* prayer for us to thee.
- 6 So, while he intercedes above,
 In his dear name may we believe,
 And all the fulness of thy love
 Into our inmost soul receive.

77. "An High Priest—in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." P. M.

YET without sin,—good Lord,
 Holy as good thou art !
 Oh, let this warning word
 Teach my too careless heart
 To walk in fear, nor rashly boast
 The comfort of the Holy Ghost.

- 2 Yet without sin—sweet sound
 To a frail, fearing worm ;
 If sinless thou wert found,
 Though suffering and infirm,
 Mercy above, and grace within,
 Shall free my sorrowing soul from sin.

- 3 Yet without sin—rich source
 Whence grace and mercy rise,
 Refreshing all my course,
 Thy spotless sacrifice !
 Its wondrous merit cancels mine,
 And makes my righteousness as thine.

- 4 O Christ, with thoughts of thee
 What various feelings swell !
 Thy portrait when we see,
 And on its features dwell,
 We wonder, tremble, trust, adore ;
 We dread—yet oh ! we *love* thee more !

78. On the sympathy of Christ. L. M.

JESUS is now at God's right hand,
 Adoring angels round him stand,
 And sing his praise with rapture warm,
 Yet wears he still our human form.

- 3 Earth's wiles escaping, do I pine
For purity within?
Thy nature, mystically mine,
Shall daily cast out sin.
- 4 Have I my griefs? Thou claimest part,
In sympathizing love;
For thou hast borne a human heart
To God's own throne above.
- 5 Thither transported, should I die
To see Him face to face?
From the pure splendours of his eye
Thou art my hiding-place.
- 6 A glory of thine own hast thou,
Incarnated I AM!
What radiance crowns that thorn-scarred brow!
Who may behold—the Lamb?
- 7 I where thou art, through grace, shall be,
And, 'neath my veiling wing,
The glorious man Christ Jesus see,
The man Christ Jesus sing.

80. *Christ the Head of the church.* S. M.

HIS mediatorial sway,
Behold the Lord assume,
Giv'n by the Father in that day
He raised him from the tomb.

- 2 God, at his own right hand,
Hath reared his royal seat;
Hath placed all heaven at his command,
All foes beneath his feet.

AND DUTIES.

His power no limit knows ;
Head of his church supreme,
Life through the mystic body flows
In a perennial stream.

All who in him believe
He doth his members call ;
And from his fulness they receive,
Who filleth all in all.

L. " *He shall feed his flock like a shepherd,*" &c.
C. M.

THERE is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock *one* Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat, and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die,
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

O gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me ;
And take a wanderer to thy fold,
That trembling turns to thee.

D. " *Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you,
and ordained you that ye should go and bring
forth fruit.*" 7. 6.

TIS not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord, that could not be ;

This heart would still refuse thee,
But thou hast chosen me :
Hast from the sin that stained me
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind ;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
Thy grace my young heart guiding,
Infix'd me in the root,
In which by faith abiding,
I bear my humble fruit.

3 Truly I am thy servant,
By birth, by ransom thine ;
Oh that with zeal more fervent
I made thy pleasure mine !
My heart owns none above thee ;
For thy rich grace I thirst ;
This knowing, if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

83. *" Those that thou gavest me I have kept."* C

HOW safe were those whom Jesus kept,
For whom his prayer prevailed !
The Master watched while Peter slept,
Or else his faith had failed.

2 Shepherd of souls, to whom are known
Thy chosen sheep by name,
From Satan's wiles defend thine own,
Nor put my hope to shame.

AND DUTIES.

- 3 Let not the world's seditions win
This faithless heart from thee.
From latent tendencies to sin
Cleanse me, and make me free.
- 4 From pride of wealth, from servile need,
From heart-corroding cares,
From deadening heresies of creed,
From folly's softer snares ;
- 5 From sloth, excess, and avarice ;
From sordid lust of gold ;
From every decent, specious vice,
Thy servant, Lord, withhold.
- 6 Oh by how many a fatal road
Thy wilful sheep may stray !
Till safe within thy blest abode,
Be thou, O Christ, my way.

84. *The mercy-seat below, and that above.* L. M.

WHEN from his mercy-seat below
The God of Israel answered prayer,
A kindling of unearthly glow,
The glory of the Lord, was there.

- 2 That ray no longer from above
Gleams o'er the cherubim of gold ;
But, radiant in the light of love,
Our eyes the great High Priest behold.
- 3 That priesthood needs no symbol now,
That glory never shall depart,
'Tis stedfast as Jehovah's vow,
'Tis changeless as Messiah's heart.

85. "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts." L. M.

FROM thee, O Lord, the light took birth,
And burst upon the new-made earth;
And ancient night, affrighted, fled,
And life and glory reigned instead.

- 2 Thus, Lord, my denser night control;
Light up the chaos of my soul:
Let, Sun of righteousness, thy ray
Within me hold eternal day.
- 3 Let sin and darkness ne'er regain
Their ruinous, their hated, reign:
No;—thus illumined, thus made free,
My heart is his who died for me.
- 4 To him unrivalled and alone,
My changed affections yield their throne.
Lord, for thy grace to me, be thine
Each thought, each word, each act of mine.

86. *Regeneration.* L. M

THE wind that rushes through the skies,
And moves in restless circuit round,
On viewless wings mysterious flies,
Nor is perceived but by the sound.

- 2 What human wisdom then can trace
The Spirit's influence on the soul?
The secret workings of his grace?
The sovereignty of his control?
- 3 Lord, I adore the power divine
That forms the sinner's heart anew:
Let it transform this soul of mine,
That I may be regenerate too.

87.

Human frailty.

L. M.

HOW vain th' aspiring hopes of men,
 Their joys how brief, their cares how great!
 Our days are threescore years and ten,
 A changing and tempestuous state.

- 2 Or if through strength they be fourscore,
 Yet toil and labour mark the way;
 We go where crowds have gone before,
 Are soon cut off and fly away.
- 3 One moment we behold the sun,
 And count our pleasures o'er and o'er;
 The next, our thread of life is spun,
 And busy man is seen no more.
- 4 We leave the cheerful day, alone,
 To bend beneath death's fearful blast;
 To plunge into a world unknown,
 To dwell with generations past.
- 5 So teach us, Lord, to spend our days,
 That, when this fleeting life shall end,
 With angels we may shout thy praise,
 Our God, our Father, and our Friend.

88.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

C. M.

MAN goeth to his home,—oh where
 Is that unseen abode?
 Why, blind and heedless doth he dare
 The dark, mysterious road?

- 2 Alas! 'tis oft the question falls
 Upon a slumbering ear;
 Nor thought of endless time appals,
 Nor wakes a shuddering fear.

- 3 He turns him to his daily toil,
To pleasure or to sin ;
He builds a home on shifting soil,
And rests secure within.
- 4 Oh for a hand to rend the veil
Thick spread before his eye ;
A voice to thunder out the tale
Of his high destiny ;—
- 5 Amid disparting clouds, to show
The mansions of the blest,
And urge him, while the splendours glow,
To seek *that* lasting rest.

89.

" *He fell asleep.*"

C. M.

- CALL it not death when Christ's redeemed
Pass from the earth away,
While eyes that ever fondly beamed
Still light them on their way.
- 2 They did not call it death, who told
That early martyr's tale,
Whose angel beauty, meekly bold,
Sank 'neath the dreadful hail.
 - 3 Call it not death, though thus it come,
O chosen of the Lord ;
An hour of fearful martyrdom,
Ye saints, of earth abhorred.
 - 4 Like him, ye shall but ' fall asleep,'
Shall from your labours rest,
In quiet slumbering, soft and deep,
Upon your Saviour's breast.

AND DUTIES.

- 5 And soon, that veiling midnight gone,
E'en from your graves, shall be;
Soon this corruption shall put on
Its immortality.

90. *"For the sepulchre was nigh at hand."*
L. M. double.

THE sepulchre is nigh at hand,
Death speeds his unresisted way,
With awe we wait the just command
That dooms to silence and decay:
Through ages past, the conqueror spread
Terror and ruin through the world;
And still the trembling nations dread,
When his dark banner is unfurled.

- 2 The sepulchre is nigh at hand,
The busy and the gay to meet;
Yet sin deludes the thoughtless band,
With the grave opening at their feet:
Like flowers beneath the noontide sun,
Like waves that break upon the shore,
Their mortal course is quickly run;
They sleep—to wake on earth no more.

- 3 The sepulchre is nigh at hand;
But let not Christians yield to gloom;
Faith points us to a better land
Beyond the confines of the tomb:
Calmly we trust the holy word
That cheers amidst the mortal strife,
And shows us in our rising Lord
'The resurrection and the life.'

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 4 The sepulchre is nigh at hand,
The dust of all his saints to keep,
Till Christ its portals shall expand,
And rouse them from their tranquil sleep :
Then shall each ransomed captive spring
All-glorious to the realms above,
And through immortal ages sing
The conquests of redeeming love.

91. *The departing Christian.* L. M.

- DEPART, O Christian soul! the gate
Of glory opens, angels wait,
Crowns hover o'er thee, palms expand
And amaranth bloom adorns that land,
- 2 This is the period of thy woes ;
This is the victory o'er thy foes ;
And dost thou weep, thine eye to dry,
And groan, that thou no more shalt sigh ?
- 3 Death makes each dispensation clear,
'Tis truth's most plain interpreter :
How near art thou each doubt's relief!
How near extinction of each grief !
- 4 Depart, nor heed what fears suggest :
Long time that way did fear infest ;
But fearless thou the verge may'st tread,
Thy warfare is accomplished.

92. " *As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.*" C. M.

O ADAM, to thy guilt allied,
To thee our thoughts we turn ;
As if the dust of all that died
Were gathered in thine urn.

AND DUTIES.

- 2 So let it be ; 'tis precious there,
 Since he of mightier name,
 The Second Adam, came to share
 Our sepulchre of shame.
- 3 Not with our sad forefather's doom,
 In silence long to sleep :
 Creation could not find a tomb,
 The Holy One to keep.
- 4 He came the victor,—not the slave,
 He brake the tyrant's band ;
 The keys of Hades and the grave
 Are in Messiah's hand.
- 5 And when the judgment trump shall pour
 His triumph through the skies,
 Like him who lives and dies no more,
 ‘The dead in Christ shall rise.’

93. “ *O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy
victory ?*” L. M.

- WHY dread we thus the final strife,
 The hour of fallen nature's doom ?
The next is everlasting life ;
No pang to fear, no death, no tomb !
- 2 True, there 's a ghastly scene below,
 A scene that love can scarce abide ;
And soon the confined clay must go
 Its terrors in the dust to hide.
- 3 But oh ! the spirit safe and free,
 Its every tie and fetter—broke !
That moment's bliss ! what must it be !
 How worth the shiver and the stroke !

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 4 There, rest my soul thy happy flight,
Beyond the struggle stretch thy wing;
Peer through the chills of mortal night,
And on, to heaven's morning spring.
- 5 Dwell on the bliss for ever thine,
Thy last farewell to fear and sin;
Th' assurance of a voice divine,
That there, no foe shall enter in.
- 6 Dwell on fruition's endless joy;
Behind thee closed the portals see;
And what though worms thy flesh destroy,
Still, death is lost in victory.
- 7 And who for thee the victory gained,
And led thee conquering forth to life?
Jesus, my Lord, thy power sustained
The penal blow, and closed the strife.
- 8 Now may we lay the peaceful head
Unhurt, where thine has lain before;
The darkest shade in safety tread,
And cry, 'Thy sting, O death, is o'er.

94.

The uncertainty of life.

C. M.

ON what a fearful verge we stand
In life's securest pride!
More safe amid the shifting sand
Our treasured gems to hide.

- 2 To-day its sparkling currents flow
With hope's bright foam bedecked;
Darkly to-morrow see them go
Where hope and all are wrecked.

AND DUTIES.

- 3 What can we trust ? is life a dower
Of well-insured supply ?
Of health and youth the kindling power,
On these may we rely ?
- 4 Break, break our hearts ! a shattered reed,
Each good on earth possest ;
Sharply to make the bosom bleed
That leans on it for rest.
- 5 There is a trust ! but oh so long,
So oft that tale is heard,
That like a dull familiar song,
Appears the warning word.
- 6 There is a trust ! yes, only one,
Bright, fair, as yonder sky :
Amazing mercy ! yet we run
In thoughtless folly by.
- 7 Heaven, earth, and hell,—the cleaving graves,
Our own bereaved dismay,
Point with one voice to Him who saves,
When all things here betray.
- 8 My halting, loitering soul, in haste,
In mortal need repair,
The safety and the joy to taste,
Found, and found only, there.

95. *On the death of a young believer.* S. M.

HE comes, the Saviour comes,
His mourning church to thin ;
The faithful few to peaceful tombs
How thickly gathered in !

- 2 Here fast the ransomed dead
Are sheltered from the strife ;
Each slumbering in a quiet bed,
Till death is lost in life.
- 3 Here, mothers sink to rest,
Unheeding infant cries ;
Here, in his labours richly blest,
The christian veteran lies.
- 4 And still, with happy tears,
Another saint we bring ;
How old in faith, how young in years,
This gem of Christ our King !
- 5 Stir, stir thee, O my soul,
T' await the trumpet call ;
His chariot wheels, how near they roll !
His shafts, how quickly fall !
- 6 E'en now, thy lamp to trim,
Turn, turn from earth away,
And follow those who followed him,
Through darkness, into day.

96. *On the death of an aged Christian.* L. M.

THANKS be to God in Christ, who gives
A dying worm th' immortal prize ;
As a ripe shock of corn, receives,
And stores our brother in the skies.

- 2 Found in the paths of righteousness,
Our Lord hath crowned his hoary hairs ;
And parting hence in perfect peace,
He now the wreath of triumph wears.

AND DUTIES.

- 3 The good and faithful servant, blest
With hope and patience to the end,
Doth now from all his labours rest,
And sees his everlasting Friend.
- 4 His faith was swallowed up in sight,
Soon as he laid the body down ;
His works pursue the saint in light,
T' adjust the measure of his crown.
- 5 His crown of life shall soon be ours :
Built on the sole foundation sure,
We too would consecrate our powers,
And faithful unto death endure.

97. "*When this mortal shall have put on immortality,*" &c.
C. M.

EARTH'S myriad children rest beneath
The senseless clod and wave :
Art thou insatiable, O death ?
Still ravenous, O grave ?

- 2 Must mortal years for ever glide ?
Life but appear, and go ?
And generations, as a tide,
For ever ebb and flow ?
- 3 Hark ! to the roll of chariot-wheels
O'er heaven's bright pavement loud ;
See, how the frame of nature reels
Before yon throne of cloud.
- 4 Hark ! to each rending, bursting tomb :
The grave, that long hath kept
The treasured dust, dispels its gloom ;
They were not dead, but slept.

- 5 And now they wake, put on their strength,
Array themselves afresh ;
With spirit's might, throw off at length
Infirmities of flesh.
- 6 An army of immortals stands,
With energies of fire,
New-born to life, in radiant bands,
That to the skies aspire :
- 7 They plume their wings for swiftest flight,
The universe to span ;
And burn to soar at starry height,
Each mystery to scan.
- 8 Oh ! this is life ! now, man indeed
Hath reached his true estate :
On earth 'twas but the humble seed,
And winter, desolate.
- 9 Then grieve not at the ceaseless round
Of generations here,
But stand with hope and ardour crowned,
Till that great day appear.

98. "*The Lord is risen indeed.*" S. M.

SAD night and blissful morn,
Their blending wings had spread,
Like angels, o'er the Great First-born,
Uprising from the dead.

- 2 Calmed was the mortal strife,
In vain did hell oppose ;
'The ' Resurrection and the Life '
Bade the dread vault uncloze.

AND DUTIES.

- 3 Sad friends who waited near
 A mournful vigil kept ;
Nor knew their Lord should re-appear,
 ‘ First-fruits of them that slept.’
- 4 Forth to the garden’s gloom,
 Unseen, the Conqueror passed,
Where cypress shadows of the tomb
 Were o’er his presence cast.
- 5 A sorrowing form drew nigh,
 O’erwhelmed with grief and fear ;
But not unheard her faintest sigh
 Fell on the Master’s ear.
- 6 ‘ If thou hast borne him hence,
 Oh ! tell me where, I pray !
That I may find the place, and thence
 May take my Lord away.’
- 7 One look—one sovereign word,
 Revealed celestial might ;
With trembling joy the mourner heard,
 And faith was turned to sight.
- 8 Thus, when thy saints endure
 The hiding of thy face,
Thy word, O risen Lord, makes sure
 The riches of thy grace.
- 9 May I but hear thy voice,
 Through darkest hours of night,
That sound shall make the gloom rejoice,
 And turn its shades to light.

99. " *Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.*"
L. M.

THE hireling, weary of his load,
Longs to behold the evening sun ;
And there remains a blest abode,
To cheer *us*, when our race is run.

2 What privilege, to see the stream
That bounds the worlds of faith and sight ;
To catch the first inspiring gleam
Of heaven's unfolding visions bright ;

3 To feel our tenement decline,
Our fabric shake, without a sigh,
Supported by a hope divine,—
The hope of immortality ;

4 At length, to pass the barrier dread,
The pangs of parting scarce perceived,
And, while survivors' tears are shed,
To be, as sons, by Christ received.

PAUSE.

5 To sleep in Jesus ! rapturous thought :
To close in peace our mortal days !
Safe to the heavenly Canaan brought,
To join the anthems angels raise.

6 To sleep in Jesus ! what delight !
Increasing still, and ever new :
To mingle with the saints in light,
And be as pure and happy too !

7 To fear no pain, to know no care,
No sin nor frailty to molest ;
And on each glorious object there,
To see eternity impressed.

AND DUTIES.

- 8 Ere long will death unclothe my chains,
And bid me, Jesus, sleep in thee !
The happiest hour that time retains,
Is that which sets the spirit free.

100. "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.*" C. M.

- O HAPPY they, who, safely housed,
To Jesus' bosom fly,
Before the storm of wrath is roused ;
Yes, happy they who die !
- 2 The fury of conflicting waves
Their sleep shall not surprise ;
It ruffles not their quiet graves,
It reaches not the skies.
- 3 Care, pain, and grief, the wild array
Of sorrows felt below,
The dread of trial's fiery day,
Of persecution's glow,—
- 4 The scoff, the scorn, the bitter tear
For reckless sinners shed ;
The thought of those, as being dear,
Who yet in error tread.
- 5 All, all is o'er, with those at rest,
For Jesus' sake forgiven !
No heavings of the anxious breast,
No sickening fear, in heaven !
- 6 Why linger then, with strange desire,
Where reeks the deadly strife,
And shrink, unwilling to retire
To everlasting life ?

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 7 Oh were it not for those he leaves,
Lone in a desert land,
'Tis wondrous, when a Christian grieves
To find his home at hand.
- 8 Ye dear ones ! mark the boiling tide,
Swift to the mountains flee ;
No treasure have we here beside,
If you but sheltered be.
- 9 Come, hasten o'er the quaking plains,
Gird up your loins, and fly ;
Then could we smile at mortal pains ;
Yes, happy then could die.

101. "Woman, why weepest thou?" "He is not here,
for he is risen." L. M.

- WHY should we weep for those who die,
Those blessed ones who weep no more?
Jesus hath called them to the sky,
And gladly have they gone before.
- 2 A few short days they lingered here,
Th' appointed span of trial knew ;
Dropt—early dropt the parting tear,
And early now have parted too.
 - 3 Up, up, in swift ascent, they rise,
Star after star of living light !
Why should we mourn that midnight skies
Become with added glories bright ?
 - 4 Far in the distant heavens they shine,
But still with borrowed lustre glow :
Saviour, the beams are only thine,
Of saints above, or saints below.

- 5 For them no bitter tear we shed,
 Their night of pain and grief is o'er ;
 But weep our lonely path to tread,
 And see the forms we loved no more.

102.

The judgment.

C. M.

- WITH vengeance clad as with a robe,
 The Lord his throne assumes :
 His scattered lightnings burn the globe,
 And thunders cleave the tombs.
- 2 His cloudy chariot swift descends,
 Borne on the whirlwind's wheels ;
 And flaming fire his course attends,
 And 'startled nature reels.'
- 3 With dreadful noise away hath past
 The elemental sky ;
 Affrighted at the signal blast,
 The trumpet sounding high.
- 4 Where are the foes of Jesus now,
 Who once his wrath defied ?
 Nor rocks can screen his frowning brow,
 Nor whelming mountains hide.
- 5 As yet with milder means he pleads,
 With famine, fire, and sword :
 That day of wrath all thought exceeds,
 The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 Then will the Judge his people own,
 And wipe their tears away :
 And oh may I before his throne
 Find mercy in that day !

103. *Fears of the judgment removed.*

7. 6.

WHEN thou, the Lord of glory,
Thine awful throne shalt rear,
To close life's mournful story,
Oh, where shall I appear?
I, whose sad thoughts convict me
Of twice ten thousand sins,
What terrors will afflict me,
When that research begins!

2 Did not my youth's first morning
Thy tenderness provoke,
When, heedless of each warning,
I spurned thine easy yoke?
If here a task I've found it,
Before thy throne to bow,
How, with no rainbow round it,
Shall I approach thee now?

3 Fears that corrode and canker
Oppress my sinking soul;
Yet hope may cast her anchor
Where tempests cease to roll.
The promise let me cherish,
My last, my only plea,
The soul can never perish
That trusts, O Lord, in thee.

4 THOU who on Calvary's mountain
Alone for sinners stood,
And opened mercy's fountain,
Thine own most precious blood:

If thou but own and bless me,
 In that most dreaded day,
 No terrors will distress me,
 Though worlds should pass away.

- 5 What though in conflagration
 These heavens and earth shall flee ?
 Resting on thy salvation,
 New worlds shall dawn on me.
 Then with the ransomed millions
 Of earth's most favoured throng,
 I'll raise in heaven's pavilions
 An endless, rapturous song.

104.

" Then cometh the end."

C. M.

THERE comes an hour,—my soul, ascend,
 The astounding thought to meet ;
 An hour decreed for mercy's end ;
 The scheme of grace complete.

- 2 The Saviour, long with pardons fraught,
 The Lamb that had been slain,
 Who erst the fallen wanderer sought,
 If sought, at length, in vain,—
- 3 Shall then the golden sceptre break ;
 Ascend from mercy's throne ;
 The Mediator's form forsake ;
 And God shall reign alone.
- 4 Then vain were prayer, no incense then
 Would meet the suppliant's sigh ;
 The hour of hope for guilty men,
 Past, past for ever, by.

- 5 O haste, my long delaying heart,
 Each poor pretence forego ;
 Lest thus the Saviour should depart,
 And leave thee to thy woe.
- 6 Mountains and rocks in vain might rend,
 That soul's remorse to quell,
 Whose madness dared this coming end,
 And sealed itself in hell.

105.

The day of judgment.

6 7s.

- H**ARK ! the trump—it wakes the dead,
 Countless myriads start and rise ;
 See, th' affrighted heavens have fled,
 Uproar reigns through earth and skies ;
 All around is wild dismay,
 Tis the last—the judgment day !
- 2 Hark ! the trump—again it peals,
 Louder still the thunders roll,
 Every blast more deeply seals
 Terror on the guilty soul ;
 Shrinking myriads wildly call,
 Rocks and mountains, on us fall.
- 3 Hark ! the trump—from world to world,
 Lo, the mighty echoes fly ;
 Planets, from their orbits hurled,
 Fall, and rush in ruin by :
 Nature groans in mortal pain,
 Ancient chaos reigns again.
- 4 See the sign—the flaming sign,
 Stream in brightness from afar :
 Monarchs now their thrones resign,
 Judges stand before his bar :

AND DUTIES.

- Jesus Christ his throne uprears,
Lo, the Son of man appears!
- 5 Hark! the shout—ten thousand tongues,
Twice ten thousand voices, cry,
Hail, Immanuel!—let our songs
Bid thee welcome from on high:
Death, behold thy Conqueror come!
Hell, prepare to meet thy doom!
- 6 Come, ye blessed,—accents mild,
Milder than the breath of spring,
To the righteous, once reviled,
Now their Master's plaudit bring;
You have won a bright renown,
Take the kingdom, wear the crown.
- 7 Go, ye cursed, hence, depart,
Outcasts, to the realms below;
Thunders to the guilty heart,
Thus pronounce the doom of woe:
With the fiend you cherished dwell;
Plunge into the deeps of hell,
- 8 Now the heavenly arches ring,
Shouts of triumph fill the sky;
Each a priest, and each a king,
Crowned with wreaths of victory;
See the ransomed millions rise
To their mansions in the skies.
- 9 Now 'tis done—the doom is o'er,
Each to bliss or woe assigned;
Jesus mediates no more,
Lo! the kingdom is resigned;
Heaven's bright armies prostrate fall,
God himself is *All in all*.

106.

"I shall see God."

P. M.

JESUS, thy precious blood was spilt
For sinners!—may I hope—for me?
Speak, Lord, and cleanse my soul from guilt
By faith in thee.

- 2 When law and justice urge, demand,
One only plea my case can meet;
Do thou appear, and let me stand
In thee complete.
- 3 When follies past my soul reprove,
O'erwhelm with blushes and confound,
Unfold the mantle of thy love,
And wrap me round.
- 4 Thus hid in thee, I lose my fear,
No longer terrors shake my soul;
Thy lightnings sheathed, no more I hear
Thy thunders roll.
- 5 Lost in myself, restored by thee,
Let dread of death no more corrode,
It will be life and heaven to see
Thy face—my God.

107.

*The rest of paradise; or, the first and second
home of the saints.*

C. M.

GREAT Leader, help, thy pilgrim faints;
Uphold and guide him home!
Home to th' abode of waiting saints,
Where grief can never come.

- 2 That home, where 'spirits of the just'
From earth's hard warfare cease;
And till thy trump shall wake their dust,
Repose in heavenly peace.

AND DUTIES.

- 3 Home—to the realm where saints embrace
In tenderness divine ;
And read in each enraptured face
The lineaments of thine.
- 4 Home,—where, all perfect, pure, and free,
The re-united rise,
And, in their oneness, gaze on thee,
With love that never dies !

108. *The song of the church in ' the holy place.'*
C. M.

- 'TIS but a veil, that hangs between
The saint and joys divine ;
And beams of glory oft are seen
Amidst its folds to shine.
- 2 Those rays on hearts of darkness fall,
And chase the gloom within ;
With hope they waken to the call,
And burst the chains of sin.
- 3 And hourly does this veil unfold
Some waiting saint to bless,
Whom Jesus summons to behold
' His face in righteousness.'
- 4 The angels bear them one by one
To join that rapturous throng,
Which round about the burning throne
Awakes the conqueror's song.
- 5 Those holy sounds we hear not now,
But soon the day will rise ;
When, without veil, we too shall bow
Amidst those upper skies.

109. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."
8. 7. 4.

- PARADISE, thy gates are cleaving :
Spirits of the just, behold !
Ye in type and sign believing,
Gathered from the church of old :
Lo, he enters !
He whom all your seers foretold.
- 2 Comes the King ! death cannot bind him,
From a bloody cross he springs ;
Yes, and see a wretch behind him
Who in faith to mercy clings ;
Pardoned felon !
He it is Messiah brings.
- 3 Not a train of ancient worthies
Swells his pomp, from riven graves ;
No, the vilest son of earth is
He whom thus the Saviour saves :
Mercy's sceptre
O'er a dying murderer waves.
- 4 Justly he, his crimes confessing,
Suffered but a sentence due ;
Yet to prayer how prompt the blessing,
Paradise, this day in view !
Faith, victorious,
Bears him more than conqueror through.
- 5 Oh if works must purchase heaven,
What has he wherewith to buy ?
Were not pardon freely given,
He must perish ; so must I :
Full salvation
Flows a fountain from the sky.

- 6 Come, my soul, thy faint misgiving
 Bury in that felon's grave :
 His Redeemer still is living,
 Willing, able, strong to save :
 Rise, he calls thee,
 Bids thee come his grace to crave.
- 7 Yes, my Saviour, Prince, behold me,
 Trembling to thy throne I flee ;
 In those gracious arms enfold me,
 Justly sentenced though I be ;
 In thy kingdom,
 O my Lord, remember me.

110. "*Thou wilt show me the path of life.*" L. M.

- O H, in the vale of death so drear,
 Who shall my trembling spirit cheer ?
 And from that fearful gloom and wild,
 What hand conduct a feeble child ?
- 2 How shall my naked soul arise,
 And gain her home in paradise ?
 For at life's outer gate must end
 The guidance of each earthly friend.
- 3 Then will the quivering spirit stand,
 In wonder at that unknown land,
 And look, and long, and wait to see
 The pathway of eternity.
- 4 Yet, Lord of life, if thou art near,
 This boding heart shall feel no fear ;
 Thy hand will bear thy child above,
 Thine own right hand of power and love.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 5 Nor long the intervening space,
Ere I behold thy beauteous face :
In one bright moment shall be trod
The pathway to the throne of God.

111. *Vision of Christ in the separate state.* L. M.

WHEN once the vale of death is trod,
The happy saint ascends to God ;—
His visage now unsoiled by tears,
His heart no longer rent with fears.

- 2 Emancipated from decay,
His agonies have passed away ;—
The mortal strife behind he leaves,
And faith a crown of life receives.
- 3 His mansion is above the skies,
His joys beyond conception rise,
His flesh is waiting in the dust
The resurrection of the just.
- 4 His body, when like Christ's restored,
Shall be for ever with the Lord,
And while we watch the sleeping clay
Upon the grave is break of day.

112. "No night there." L. M.

NO night is there ; but endless day
Lies on the everlasting hills,
And pours around the clement ray,
Which every scene and spirit fills.

AND DUTIES.

- 2 No night is there : oft heavy sleep
Has sunk us in forgetfulness,
And if our eyes awake, they weep
The bitter tears of deep distress.
- 3 No night is there : now watch is kept,
In dread of fierce and violent foes,
Who oft in ambuscade have crept,
Or in assaults more rude uprose.
- 4 But there the sense no stupor seals ;
Pain racks not, nor the mind's suspense ;
Fear keeps no vigil ; and there steals
No tear for those departed thence.
- 5 These haunt the gloom of every night ;—
Hail to the endless, heavenly day,
Before whose sun's exhaustless light
The former things are passed away !

113.

Heaven.

L. M.

BEYOND the scenes where mortals weep,
Spreads, fresh and fair, a healthful clime,
Where sickly blasts can never sweep,
Nor vigour fears the lapse of time.

- 2 Hail, blissful regions ! plains of peace !
Unstained by wars, untrod by sin ;
Where noise, and strife, and tumult cease,
Nor thought of discord enters in.
- 3 Nor death is there, nor parting known ;
But, more than all, and all t' insure,
There, smiling on th' eternal throne,
The God of heaven makes heaven secure.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 4 And there the Lamb, whose blood below
A crimson, cleansing fountain ran,
Conducts to streams that ever flow,
And blush not, as they flow for man.
- 5 My spirit longs, my heart aspires,
To gain that pure, that blest abode ;
When shall I come, my soul inquires,
And stand and sing before my God ?

114. *" Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth."*
C. M.

LAY not your treasures up in dust,
Where worldlings love to deal,
Where come corruption, moth, and rust,
And thieves break through and steal.

- 2 But heap in heaven your treasures pure,
From all corruption free ;
For where your treasure is, be sure
Your hearts will also be.

115. *" What shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?"*
L. M.

THE soul! exchange for aught the soul!
Born to survive yon glorious sun!
When age on age hath ceased to roll,
Its endless being but begun !

- 2 What are the costliest gifts, thrice told,
That men their choicest blessings call ?
Thrones, sceptres, mines of gems and gold,
The soul in worth exceeds them all !

AND DUTIES.

- 3 Yet man, with an immortal mind,
Pursues through life but shadows vain ;
And with mysterious folly blind,
Barters his soul, and calls it gain !
- 4 Pangs, keenest, to the lost will spring
From memory of their earthly state ;
With moments ever on the wing,
Yet felt not, prized not, till too late !
- 5 Lord, teach us where our safety lies ;
Let us the first of lessons learn :
All pilgrims here, may we be wise,
And make our souls our great concern.

116. "*Ye have not yet resisted unto blood.*" S. M.

- SURE 'tis a fearful fight,
And flesh and blood must yield !
How pleasant were a quiet flight
From such a toilsome field !
- 2 A life of merry ease
Would crown the gay retreat ;—
Why waste on hidden victories
The bosom's youthful heat ?—
 - 3 'Tis true, the strife is sore,
But weigh the issue well ;—
'Twere death to give the battle o'er,
And worse than death,—'twere hell !
 - 4 'Thy reason task, to say
Where truth and wisdom lie ;
What equal price hath time to pay
Eternity to buy ?'

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 5 Thus, Wisdom cries aloud ;
Her golden banners see,
And boldly quit the simple crowd
For life and victory.
- 6 Wouldst thou in sin rejoice ?
Thine heart with pleasure cheer ?
Thou simple one, regard the voice
That warns thy wild career.

117. *The brazen serpent.* 6 lines 8s.

- WHY will ye die, ye bitten band ?
Why perish with relief in view ?
Behold the brazen serpent stand
For you, ye dying ones, for you !
One glimpse its virtues shall attest,
And heal the poison in your breast.
- 2 Why will ye die ? this long delay,
This trust in other things for cure,
May give you up, the viper's prey :
Not always will relief endure ;
The venom to your vitals speeds ;
Look, look at once, while mercy pleads.
- 3 Faint, wounded, sore, behold, we gaze,
This miracle of grace to prove ;
O thou whom every type portrays,
From poisoned souls the taint remove ;
The wondrous, vital influence shed,
Restore the dying—raise the dead.

118. "*Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction,
and many there be which go in thereat.*" C. M.

SMOOTH is the path that leads to hell,
Nor strength nor skill requires :

AND DUTIES.

But oh ! how hard it were to dwell
With everlasting fires !

2 Time speeds along with noiseless wheels,
No terror speaks him past ;
As yesterday, to-morrow feels,
And this year, as the last.

3 To rise, forgetful of his flight,
To fill with toys the day,
To seek a prayerless bed at night,
Soon wear our span away,

4 Alas ! the fleetly-footed hours,
The day of grace, how brief !
Oft set in darkness, ere the flowers
Of life are in the leaf !

5 And thus the generations glide
From light and hope along ;
Thoughtless in beauty, sport, or pride,
A smiling, dancing throng !

6 Saviour, thy powerful arm extend,
To rescue from their woe,
Nor let them to the gulf descend,
That rolls and yawns below.

119. *"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which
is not bread, and your labour for that which
satisfieth not ?"* S. M.

MY poor hard-working soul,
Lift up thy fainting head,
Nor waste thy labour for a dole
Of that which is not bread.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 2 A feast before thee stands,
 Abundant, rich, and free;
 Prepared and offered to thy hands,
 A royal charity.
 - 3 Thy sicknesses it suits,
 Thy need it well supplies;
 Here, unforbidden, are the fruits
 That make thee truly wise.
 - 4 I come, my Lord, I come
 In all my guilt and shame;
 Unworthy even of a crumb,
 This princely food I claim.
 - 5 Alone for thy dear sake,
 A heaven-invited guest,
 The gospel banquet I partake,
 Clad in the wedding vest.
 - 6 To him be endless praise
 Who thus the outcast feeds,
 And freely from the world's high-ways
 The famished wanderer leads.
120. *"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are
 heavy laden, and I will give you rest."* P. M.
- YES, there is solid ground
 On which our hopes to raise,
 When all is false around,
 When every trust betrays:
 Weary, and worn with error's din,
 Soul, here is shelter, enter in.
- 2 Hast thou the boastings heard
 Of many a subtle scheme,
 Claiming to be preferred
 To heaven's own glorious beam?

AND DUTIES.

And hast thou tried, and tried again,
These remedies for dying men ?

- 3 And is thy spirit faint ?
 Thy conscience sad and sore ?
 Not cured of thy complaint,
 But sinking more and more ?
Yes, poor physicians these for thee,
If but thy sinfulness thou see !
- 4 To such a case as thine
 The gospel truth is fit ;
 For thee its glories shine,
 The sun of hope is lit :
Come, cast thy thousand thoughts aside,
Thy wisdom, folly, doubt, and pride.
- 5 Come, weary as thou art,
 Thine utter need confess ;
 He will not say, ‘ Depart,’
 Who died for thy distress ;
He all thy waywardness hath seen,
And God-like hath his patience been.
- 6 That word of grace is sure,
 Which thou hast scorned so long ;
 Try, it will all endure,
 Free, suitable, and strong :
Come, weary, weak, despairing soul,
Touch, and its strength shall make thee whole.

121. “ *God be merciful to me a sinner.* ” L. M.

WE know there is a heaven of rest,
A house not made with hands, on high :
But oh ! by whom to be possessed ?
Conscience must tremble to reply.

- 2 We know that souls by Christ renewed,
Weaned from the world, from self, and sin,
With Christian love and grace imbued ;—
We know that these shall enter in.
- 3 But what are we ? where stands the mark
In strong relief to cancel dread ?
Our course, alas ! how dull and dark !
How little like what Christians tread !
- 4 Oh ! were we judged by what we 've done,
This, and this only should we know,
That our futurity would run
A round of well-deserved woe.
- 5 Whence shall a word of comfort sound ?
Our hearts condemn with one accord !
Yet, hope there is,—‘ Thy help is found,
Poor self-destroyed, in me the Lord.’

122. “ *O wretched man that I am.*” L. M.

HE, many a famous fight may gain
In open day, with sword and shield,
Whose purpose lies as often slain,
Down in the heart's secluded field.

- 2 And when, perchance, reputed high,
And deemed of strength that nothing foils,
Disgraced, disabled, *there* may lie,
A captive in the hunter's toils.
- 3 'Tis in the spirit's deep recess
The heat and brunt of war are known,
Though unbetrayed the soul's distress
By look or sigh, the strife to own.

- 4 'Tis there the daily cross is borne,
Or there the palm of triumph gained :
Speak not of flesh by penance torn,
The soul by hotter blood is stained !
- 5 Oh who, his helplessness that knows,
Can hope to stand so fierce a fray,
Unless for promised aid he goes
To him, whom all his foes obey ?
- 6 Then, days or years of inward strife
He meekly braves, in faith secure ;
Content to fight his way to life,
If thus the final crown be sure.
- 7 Ye who the strenuous course begin,
And shrink, with many a fear opprest,
Still keep your ground, still strive with sin,
And think, how sweet a heaven of rest !

123. " *Exceeding great and precious promises.*"
L. M.

EXCEEDING great ! a boundless store !
My soul, the extent of promise view ;
Could destitution ask for more ?
Or what beyond can mercy do ?

- 2 For every hour of human need,
For every form of want and woe,
Some precious word is given to plead
By Him, who doth our trials know.
- 3 Then why beneath the pressure fail ?
Whate'er the struggle, grief, or care,
The word of promise must prevail,
For, nigh at hand, the Lord is there.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 4 Cursed be man to man that cleaves,
A broken reed his strength shall be ;
But he that in the Lord believes,
Blest, yea, supremely blest, is he.
- 5 Perils unknown his path may fill,
And, cold in death, his spirit faint,
But mid the shades, from fear of ill,
The word of promise keeps the saint.
- 6 Give me but then this word to hold,
The eye of faith make true and clear,
And, in the strength of promise bold,
Lord, even I will feel no fear.

124. "*He hath promised, who also will do it.*" C. M.

A PROMISE ! O the wondrous word !
The field of grace how wide !
Yet to satiety 'tis heard,
Or doubted, or denied.

- 2 For utter exigence it came,
Each form of guilt or care,
And let but faith the blessing claim,
'Tis guaranteed to prayer.
- 3 Whate'er thy need, desponding one,
Its fulness can supply ;
Drink, 'tis a fountain that doth run
From God's sufficiency.
- 4 Oh, with this wealth vouchsafed to me,
By warrant from above,
In life or death my stay shall be
The promise of his love.

125. "*Wilt thou not revive us again?*" C. M.

OH for the all-reviving grace,
The quickening power divine,
This deadness from our souls to chase,
But chiefly, Lord, from mine!

2 We, the dear people of thy love,
Why cleave we to the dust,
Neglect our glorious hopes above,
And trifle with our trust?

3 Thy nature and thy law, we know
Severely righteous still;
And yet how slothful, and how slow
Our progress in thy will!

4 We tread the very edge of doom,
And worlds of woe or bliss
O'erhang the other side our tomb;
And yet we sport on *this*.

5 Hell's hosts conspire against our weal,
Angels our burden bear;
Yet, oh, we seem but half to feel
Our own eternal care.

6 Almighty Spirit! ere thou make
The long-dead world alive,
Thy living church from slumber wake,
Thy work in *us* revive.

126. "*All things work together for good to them that love God.*" L. M.

GET thee behind me, Satan! go!
Our God o'er earth and heaven presides:
Nature has laws—he formed them so,
And to remote occasion guides.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 2 Stupendous wisdom, broad and high !
That all contingency foresaw ;
The tyrant's will, the captive's cry,
And to th' emergence framed the law.
- 3 Forth from his power creation rose,
With laws for glorious good imprest ;
Most mindful for the good of those
By whom his wisdom is confest.
- 4 Nature, subserving his designs,
His complicated purpose weaves ;
And treasures in ten thousand mines,
The succours that his church receives.
- 5 Before the skies with lustre glowed,
Each form of creature need he knew,
And gracious cognizance bestowed,
Ye poor neglected ones, on you :
- 6 This the great object of his care,
The motive-spring of earth and skies,
T' encourage faith, to answer prayer,
And to confound the vainly wise.

127. " *This people have I formed for myself, and they shall show forth my praise.*" C. M.

FORMED for thyself, our songs we raise
For favour so divine :
Formed for thyself, to show thy praise ;
O let the praise be thine !

- 2 Broken and marred, the Potter's hand
Our ruined frame restored,
That fair and costly we might stand,
Fit for the Master's board.

AND DUTIES.

- 3 Maker of all, thy grace we own,
Creating thus afresh ;
From miry clay, from moveless stone
Producing hearts of flesh !
- 4 How should we live ? what can we pay ?
The most we can, how poor !
Command,—and help us to obey,
To labour, to endure.
- 5 The high ambition of our hearts,
The end of all our ways,
The hope that life in death imparts,
Be this, to show thy praise.

128. "*Because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her,*" &c. L. M.

- A WIDOW, poor, forlorn, opprest,
Importunate, her suit can gain ;
And shall not we our joint request
By persevering prayer obtain ?
- 2 A stranger to the judge she was,
But we God's chosen people are ;
And, wishing us to gain our cause,
Himself doth all our burdens bear.
 - 3 To an unrighteous judge she came,
But to a righteous Father we,
Who bids us confidently claim
His grace, for needy sinners free.
 - 4 The widow's and the orphan's Friend
Kindly commands us to draw nigh ;
And lo, our hearts to heaven ascend,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 5 She had no promise to succeed,
And but at times could find access ;
Encouraged we, and sure to speed,
Both day and night our suit may press.
- 6 Her vehemence did the judge provoke ;
But God our earnestness approves,
Watches our every sigh and look,
And most the boldest suitor loves.
- 7 She had no friend or patron kind,
T' enforce and make her suit his own ;
But we a powerful spokesman find,
Before us at the Father's throne.
- 8 Our Advocate for ever lives,
For us in heaven to intercede ;
For us the Comforter receives,
And sends him in our hearts to plead.

129.

Christian love.

C. M.

NO outward marks have we to know
Who thine, O Christ, shall be,
Until our christian love doth show
What soul pertains to thee.

- 2 Though some a show of faith may yield
And many virtues feign ;
Till charity the whole hath sealed,
Their faith and works are vain.
- 3 Love is the sum of those commands,
Which thou to thine didst leave ;
And for a mark on them it stands ;
Which never can deceive,

- 4 For when our knowledge foolish turns,
 When shows no show retain,
 When fiery zeal to nothing burns,
 Love,—love shall firm remain.

130. *"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer."*—"Be thou faithful unto death," &c.
 6 lines 8s.

SEE climbing o'er the eastern hill
 E'en now prophetic glories shine!
 Young, active, ardent, stand not still,
 But hasten on the day divine:
 Come, consecrate ye heart and hand,
 For Christ, a living, dying band.

- 2 True, in the earthquake and the fire,
 'Mid streams of blood from slaughtered saints,
 The Lord his tried ones may require
 To bear his cross; but he who faints,
 E'en in the martyr's fiery strife,
 Shall not receive the crown of life.
- 3 Blest are the dead, who die secure
 Ere the last vials fill the sky!
 Blest are the true, the meek, the pure,
 Who wait their Lord with watchful eye;
 Blest are the saints, who stand revealed
 By heaven upon their foreheads sealed.
- 4 Trim then your lamps, ye fair and young,
 Ere yet the Bridegroom claim the bride;
 And press, that noble crowd among,
 Who, when yon heavens no more abide,
 But throned in flame appears their King,
 'Come quickly, Lord,' shall sweetly sing,

131. *Messiah's kingdom and ordinances.*

7s.

WHEREFORE do the nations wage
 War against the King of kings?
 Whence the people's maddening rage,
 Fraught with vain imaginings?

2 Haughty chiefs, and rulers proud,
 Forth in banded fury run,
 Braving with defiance loud
 God and his anointed Son :

3 ' Let us break their bonds in twain !
 Let us cast their cords away ! '—
 But the Highest with disdain
 Sees and mocks their vain array.

4 ' High on Zion I prepare,'
 Thus he speaks, ' a regal throne :
 Thou, my Prince, my chosen heir,
 Rise to claim it as thine own !

5 ' Son of God, with God the same,
 Enter thine imperial dome !
 Lo ! the shaking heavens proclaim,
 Mightiest Lord, thy kingdom come !

6 ' Pomp or state dost thou demand ?
 In thy Father's glory shine !
 Dost thou ask for high command ?
 Lo ! the universe is thine !'

7 Ye who spurn his righteous sway,
 Yet, ah yet, he spares your breath ;
 Yet his hand, averse to slay,
 Balances the bolt of death.

AND DUTIES,

- 8 Ere that dreadful bolt descends,
Haste before his feet to fall,
Kiss the sceptre he extends,
And adore him, Lord of all !

132. "*He that overcometh, shall inherit all things ;
and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.*"
7s.

'**H**E that overcomes through me,
Shall an heir of all things be ;
I his God, and he my son ;'
—Saith the true and faithful One.

- 2 What an heritage were this !
An eternity of bliss ;
Heaven below, and heaven above ;
Oh the miracle of love !

- 3 Can a worm such bliss receive ?
Fear not, faint not, but believe :
He who gave his Son, shall he
Any good withhold from thee ?

- 4 Know that thus the Father willed,
Thus the Son his task fulfilled,
That the Holy Ghost might thus
Dwell—the Deity in us.

133. *The army of martyrs.* C. M.

BEHOLD a bright, a countless band,
Before the throne on high ;
Arrayed in robes of white they stand,
White from a crimson dye.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES

- 2 Their service no remission knows,
Nor weariness nor pain,
The tide of praise for ever flows
In high and rapturous strain.
- 3 For he that sits upon the throne
Shall dwell among them still ;
And as eternity rolls on,
New joys their bosoms fill.

134. "*The Lord is the strength of my heart ; of whom
shall I be afraid ?*" C. M.

- IS there ambition in my heart ?
Let that ambition be,
Though all forsake thee and depart,
Lord, that I cleave to thee.
- 2 The day of trial hastens on,
The final fight is near ;
Bid thou the coward thought be gone
That shrinks with human fear.
- 3 The love of many waxeth cold ;
And oh how faint my own !
Yet, strong in thee, I would be bold,
Though scoffed at, and alone.
- 4 Strange words for mortal tongue to speak,
Strange hopes the soul to warm !
And nature, treacherous and weak,
To brave the fiery storm !
- 5 Yet thou who hast the wine-press trod,
And know'st that flesh is frail,
Strength of my spirit, and my God,
Let not my courage fail.

135. *"The harvest of the earth is ripe.—And the angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth, and cast it into the great wine-press of the wrath of God."*
C. M.

SEE the great wine-press overflow,
The cup of wrath is red :
Now comes the hour of utter woe,
Of long-predicted dread.

- 2 Who safe amidst the storm shall stand,
When doomed nations reel ?
The undefiled, the martyr band,
The sealed with heaven's seal.
- 3 With them may we the fight endure,
Sustain th' appointed cross ;
Content the triumph to secure,
Through suffering, shame, and loss.
- 4 For one such hour of bright reward
We'd track the fiery way :
To be for ever with the Lord,
Will more than all repay.

136. *"Come, my people, enter into thy chambers, until the indignation be overpast."* 8. 7. 4.

HARK ! the sound of coming thunder,
Portents fill the distant sky !
Saints of God, look up and wonder,
Each to hidden chambers fly ;
Mark the ending,
Pomp and blaze of prophecy.

- 2 Long he saw predicted ruin,
Lamb of God, the sinner's jest ;

- Long, with grace and mercy wooing,
Offered shelter in his breast ;—
Judah's Lion
Soon he comes, in terrors drest.
- 3 Whilst his gathered foes are calling
Each to each, in stout array,
See the doomed vengeance falling
So, as did the prophets say :
Satan's kingdom
Totters to its final day.
- 4 Armies shout, the nations tremble,
Earthquakes mutter, signs appear !
Now, O Lord, thy saints assemble,
Gather home from far and near :
Thou their covert,
Keep thy chosen ones from fear.
- 5 Ye who halt 'twixt two opinions,
Lurking nigh the church's gate,
Tremble now, for hell's dominions
Claim you, while without ye wait :
Hell is doomed,
Break its bands ere yet too late.
- 6 Come, the standard yet is waving,
Mercy holds a parley still ;
Come ! or loss or scandal braving,
Come and welcome, all who will :
Yet a moment !
Vengeance then shall have its fill !

137.

The true righteousness.

C. M.

WHO shall thy tabernacle fill,
To thee, O Lord, draw near ?

- Who shall upon thy holy hill
In the last day appear ?
- 2 The upright, he who ever speaks
The truth, and hates a lie ;
Restrains his tongue, and never seeks
His neighbour's injury :
- 3 Who will not on the wicked smile,
And give deceitful praise ;
Who in his heart contemns the vile,
And hates their evil ways :
- 4 Who promises, nor breaks his word ;
Who is on mercy bent ;
Who honours them that fear the Lord,
And guards the innocent :
- 5 Who, after all that he has done,
Confides alone in grace ;
And hopes at last, through Christ his Son,
To see Jehovah's face.
- 6 This is the soul whom thou wilt bless,
And make alone thy choice :
He trusts—to the True Righteousness,
And shall in heaven rejoice.

138. “ *Buy the truth, and sell it not.* ” S. M.

- O** TRUTH, wherever found,
How glorious and how good !
But error overruns the ground
Where once her temple stood.
- 2 What else shall mortal seize
As worth a moment's aim !
The specious fallacy may please,
But brings the soul to shame.

- 3 Inquiring spirit, why
A doubtful standing dare ?
Will reason thank thee for a lie,
Though framed with sophist care ?
- 4 Not even from the word
Whence only truth is traced,
Thine errors spin, in hope absurd
To weave them to thy taste.
- 5 If not divinely true,
Thy sorted texts are vain ;
Scripture to scripture gives the clue,
And must itself explain.
- 6 No ! truth resolve to buy,
Nor at the purchase groan,
Though pride and prejudice must die,
Thy father's, or thine own.
- 7 In humble guise attend
The unfrequented mart,
Determined, though thine all, to spend,
And bind it to thy heart.
- 8 O Thou, the living way,
The truth, the life, bestow
That holy light whose vital ray
Shall lead, all truth to know.

139. " *Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things.*" L. M.

OH that the mind of Christ were ours,
Love, meekness, gentleness divine !
The fragrance of ten thousand flowers
Would less the tainted air refine.

- 2 Oh that like soft refreshing dews
The influence of the churches fell ;
Whate'er is lovely to diffuse,
Whate'er is loathsome to dispel.
- 3 And are we not a brother-band,
This holy purpose to fulfil,
An ELIM in a desert land,
A city shining on a hill ?
- 4 Why live we not as such should live,
Why not compel the world's esteem,
Offence and scandal wherefore give,
And cause th' opposer to blaspheme ?
- 5 Thou only, Saviour, thou canst bear
O'er all within a soft control ;
The heart for love's sweet fruit prepare,
And tune the discords of the soul.
- 6 In this our nature's need be nigh,
Assist, the hidden cross to take,
Sin's hourly strivings to deny,
And all endure for thy dear sake.
- 7 So shall thy glorious kingdom spread,
So, rebels to thy cause be won ;
And peace and joy their blessings shed
On every land beneath the sun.

140. "Holiness, without which no man shall see the
Lord," L. M.

JEHOVAH is a holy God ;
Christ will alone the pure confess ;
Angels are holy, and the road
To heaven, is that of holiness.

- 2 Those only lustre round them shed,
And honour the Redeemer's cause,
Who, 'midst a world in trespass dead,
Inquire his will and keep his laws.
- 3 Search us, O God, and try our reins,
Detect each evil way within :
If we would join in Gabriel's strains,
We must with righteousness begin.

141.

The duty of forgiveness.

8. 7s.

GOD is constantly bestowing
Countless blessings on our head ;
He, with mercy full and flowing,
Gives us all our daily bread.
Hopes from him, our hearts expanding
Like a river, still increase :
Hear him say, with voice commanding,
' Love as brethren ;' ' Dwell in peace !'

- 2 Shall we anger's deep defilement
Cherish, in despite of Heaven ?
Shall we spurn at reconciliation
Who so oft have been forgiven ?
Shall we, brethren, young or hoary,
Hope to meet in yonder fold ;
Yet, while travelling on to glory,
With them *no* communion hold ?
- 3 If offence that folly gave us
Should our faith and patience try ;
Like our Lord, who died to save us,
Let us meekly pass it by.

What our solemn obligation,
 If true grace our hearts renew,
 While we seek our own salvation,
 To forgive our brother too !

142. "*The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.*" S. M.

YES, all was very good,
 As forth creation sprung ;
 Earth, seas, and skies, in order stood,
 In strength and beauty young.

2 The glorious Maker's eye
 The smile of praise exprest,
 Nor passed one gem unheeded by,
 Hid in the mountain's breast.

3 But see, the Christian wears
 A gem of purer ray,
 The meek and quiet spirit bears
 A costlier price than they !

4 The same Almighty voice
 That bade the ruby glow,
 Proclaims the jewel of his choice,
 The lowliest of the low.

5 My proud, resentful soul,
 To wrath how quickly fanned !
 Come, clothe thee in the heavenly stole,
 Wrought by the Saviour's hand.

6 Come, make at once thine own,
 And to thy bosom bind,
 That ornament of worth unknown,
 A meek and humble mind.

7 Its peerless value try ;
 'Twill every test endure ;
 Or rude offence shall pass thee by,
 In gentleness secure.

8 Alone, my Lord, from thee
 The needed strength can flow ;
 Thy bright example while we see,
 Transforming grace bestow.

143. *"Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, think on these things."* L. M.

SHALL we the loftier truths embrace,
 And pass the humble precept by ?
 Aspire to be a godly race,
 And fail in worldly honesty ?

2 Blush, blush, my soul, if such thou see,
 And shake the scandal from thy name :
 The christian tradesman,—let him be
 A man to put the world to shame !

3 'Tis by his daily course he's known,
 The aspect that mankind perceives ;
 Unmarked by them the secret groan,
 The faith that with the heart believes.

4 No ; he his character must earn,
 And justify the creed he bears,
 By deeds his fellows can discern,
 Integrity surpassing theirs.

5 'Tis thus that Paul and James agree :
 Faith plants the principle within ;
 Such faith, by holier works we see,
 Works, which through love, in faith begin.

144. "A peculiar people, zealous of good works."
C. M.

- SAINTS a peculiar people stand,
To prove their faith divine ;
The writing of a heavenly hand,
That legibly must shine :
- 2 Before the world, without, within,
The same commission borne ;
Soldiers of Christ, with every sin
To ceaseless warfare sworn.
- 3 Strange treachery, the sign to wear,
The Saviour's standard own,
And live as those who, did they dare,
Would thrust him from his throne !
- 4 My soul, no secret parley hold
With thy Redeemer's foes ;
Earth, hell, and heaven the fight behold,
And tremble for its close.
- 5 Lord, with a heart so prone to yield ;
The world's incessant lure,
And Satan ever in the field,
Oh how can I endure !
- 6 One hope there is that succour brings,
Where thickest darts are hurled ;
The humblest faith to Christ that clings,
Shall overcome the world.

145. *The example of saints.* C. M.

BRETHREN, be followers of the Lord,
As children dear and true,
And walk in love with one accord,
As Christ hath loved you.

- 2 And let your light so shine to men,
By what good works they see,
That God your heavenly Father then
Much glorified may be.

146. "Am I my brother's keeper?" 148th.

MUST I my brother keep,
And share his pain and toil,
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile,
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

- 2 Must I his burthen bear,
As though it were my own,
And do, as I would care
Should to myself be done?
And faithful to his interests prove,
And as myself my neighbour love?
- 3 Must I reprove his sin,
Must I partake his grief,
And kindly enter in,
And minister relief,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And love him, not in word, but deed?
- 4 Then, Jesus, at thy feet
A student let me be:
And learn, as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, from thee;
For thou didst come on mercy's plan,
And all thy life was love to man.

- 5 O make me as thou art,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow ;
 The kind and gentle heart,
 That feels another's woe :
 That thus I may be like my Head,
 And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

147.

All are stewards.

L. M.

- SOME hearts to avarice are sold,
 Idolatrous, who worship gold !
 And God, in judgment, will disown
 A proffered share of Mammon's throne.
- 2 Many, whose heads in dust are laid,
 To treasures once their homage paid,
 And fancied, with delusion vain,
 All blessings were comprised in *gain*.
- 3 May we, if God has wealth bestowed,
 Make it, through faith, to heaven the road ;
 And by dispensing, learn *to save*
 Treasures that last beyond the grave.

148.

The true church.

L. M.

- THE house of God his hand uprears,
 The pillar and the ground of truth,
 Which stands amid the wasting years
 Unshaken, in immortal youth.
- 2 'Tis not a building made with hands,
 An earthly, a material house ;
 A shelter where the suppliant stands,
 To offer up his prayers and vows.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 3 What may deserve so high a name ?
What can fill up this vast design ?
No human work this style may claim,
This church must be a work divine.
- 4 Yes, 'tis the structure of the Lord—
His living temple he sustains :
Built by his Spirit on his word,
By time unaltered it remains.

149.

The "man of sin."

L. M.

- B**EFORE creation's final throes
Shall rend the tomb and wake the dead,
Time will the 'man of sin' disclose,
'In God's own house'—th' apostle said.
- 2 This of his coming was the sign—
Untrue, unrighteous doctrines taught :
Titles usurped, and rights divine ;
Deceiving, lying wonders wrought.
- 3 But at the coming of the Lord,
All error shall receive its doom ;
His glorious presence and his word
Shall every antichrist consume.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

150.

Sparing mercy.

C. M.

LET me alone this only year,
In honour of thy Son,
Who doth my Advocate appear
Great God, before thy throne.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Thy mercy has prolonged my days,
And spared the barren tree,
Because for me the Saviour prays,
And pleads his death for me.
- 3 Time to repent thou dost bestow,
But oh, the power impart !
And make mine eyes with tears o'erflow,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 4 I'd nail my passions to the cross
Where my Redeemer died,
And all things count but shame and loss
For Jesus crucified.
- 5 Giver of penitential pain,
Before that cross I lie,
Humbly determined to remain
Till thou thy blood apply.
- 6 Forgiveness on my conscience seal,
Bestow the promised rest,
The joy of perfect love reveal,
To be my constant guest.

151. *Indecision dangerous and lamented.* C. M.

FROM year to year my weary soul
The strange debate pursues ;
Unwilling Christ should make me whole,
Unwilling to refuse.

- 2 Thy people, Lord, have watched in vain
The dull, the dying strife ;
I now can slumber in my chain,
And death prefer to life.

- 3 The voices once in conscience heard,
 Now faint and fainter fall ;
 Nor quails my spirit at thy word,
 Nor melts beneath thy call.
- 4 Still, to secure me for his prey,
 The tempter whispers cheer ;
 Reminds me of a future day,
 A less encumbered year.
- 5 Thus days, and months, and years have been,
 And thus they still will be !
 My soul is paralysed by sin ;
 Yet, Lord, I look to thee.
- 6 Bound hand and foot, a dying slave,
 How terrible my state !
 The margin of an open grave
 Crumbling beneath my weight !
- 7 Unloose my fetters, bid me stand,
 Both will and strength bestow ;
 But keep me, Saviour, in thy hand,
 Or I shall let thee go.

152. "*If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.*" L. M.

- THOU sovereign Judge, eternal God,
 I tremble at thine awful rod :
 Thine eye pervades my inmost powers,
 My serious and my thoughtless hours.
- 2 Conscious of thee, ashamed I stand,
 Confess thine eye, and feel thy hand ;
 My soul pleads guilty, and declares
 How long thy suffering love forbears.

- 3 Condemned by my own heart, I find
Both judge and witness in my mind ;
And if my heart condemns so far,
How shall I stand before thy bar ?
- 4 Much that I knew was sin I chose ;
Thy righteous law have dared t' oppose ;
Have slighted grace ; would still rebel :—
Conscience and memory doom to hell.
- 5 In vain self-flattering arts are tried,
My self still vouches on thy side :
I know thy law is just and true,
Thy vengeance ought to strike me through.
- 6 My God, if once thy sword is drawn,
I lie condemned a wretch forlorn ;
Yet through thy Son I venture near,
Allowed to hope, forbid to fear.

153. " *The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.*"
148th.

- A BROKEN heart, O God !
Thou never wilt despise ;
'Tis written in thy word,
This is the sacrifice—
The sacrifice that thou wilt own,
It is, the broken heart alone.
- 2 Then break my heart, O Lord,
The rock within me break ;
To tremble at thy word,
And at thine anger quake :
Let me in deep contrition lie,
And heave the penitential sigh.

- 3 For mercy dwells with thee,
 Compassion, all divine :
 That mercy show to me,
 Be that compassion mine :—
 For sinners did not Jesus bleed ?
 And Jesus' blood alone I plead.

154. "*I will arise and go to my Father.*" S. M.

- WHY halt at mercy's gate,
 And tremble to apply ?
 The Saviour knew my wretched state,
 And came for such to die :
- 2 He knows my long delay,
 The hidden depths of sin,
 And only he can take away
 The flint that lies within.
- 3 Alas, how sore the strife,
 A narrow way to keep !
 My soul is weary of a life
 That does but watch and weep.
- 4 Strength, gracious Lord, I ask,
 To wait, to watch, to pray ;
 Then easy were the hardest task,
 And bright the darkest day.
- 5 My soul no more should faint,
 Nor at the tempter quail ;
 For, strong in thee, the feeblest saint
 Shall over all prevail.

155. *The returning prodigal.* C. M.

THE wanderer from his Father's home,
 The sojourner on earth,

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- Amidst this wilderness will roan
And feel 'tis nothing worth.
- 2 The world's delights he once pursued,
And knows their dazzling power
Can never yield, when rightly viewed,
Peace for the lonely hour.
- 3 Religion only can afford
The holy calm I need ;
The Spirit shines upon the word,
And there is light indeed.
- 4 I find upon its sacred page
That Jesus died to save ;
That now he lives from age to age,
A ransom from the grave.
- 5 I cast myself, a worthless worm,
For mercy at his feet,
And feel he can and will perform,
For power and pity meet.
- 6 I touch the sceptre of his grace,
Before his throne I fall ;
He offers me a hiding place,
And I obey his call.
- 7 Faith can support the pilgrim's feet,
And cheer his onward way ;
Until the sinner's Friend he meet,
In realms of endless day.
156. *"I have gone astray like a lost sheep ; seek thy servant."* S. M.

I FAINT, my soul doth faint,
My strength, a broken reed !
Would this so long be my complaint,
Were I a saint indeed ?

- 2 The sins I fancied quelled,
Again in arms arise;
The promise that I thought I held,
Refuses it supplies.
- 3 My bosom burns with shame,
And yet is icy cold;
Even to breathe the Saviour's name,
Seems now to be too bold.
- 4 So oft my soul hath trod
The same sad path astray,
How can I turn again to God?
What venture now to say?
- 5 Yet whither could I go?
If here I stay, I die.
No other help there is, I know,
To him I must apply.
- 6 Thou, Saviour, only thou
Canst meet my utter need,
And should'st thou save the rebel now,
It will be grace indeed!

157. "*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" L. M.

OH let the tear of anguish flow,
Thou pitying Saviour, on thy breast;
For want, and weariness, and woe,
Are welcome to that gentle rest.

- 2 There bid me lay the burden down,
The fetter from my soul unbind;
There feel a refuge from the frown
Of thine own pure omniscient mind.

- 3 'Tis thy far distant glance I dread,
That glance the guilty proud alarms ;
But thy sweet smile of love is shed
On sinners sheltered in thine arms.

158.

Penitence and pardon.

L. M.

MY God, I bend before thy throne,
While memory speaks a life of sins,
Of follies, conscious or unknown,
Early as reason's light begins.

- 2 'Mid childhood's sports their current ran
Throughout, maturer than my years,
And since I've ripened into man,
Not less th' excess of guilt appears.
- 3 But there was One, whose wounded heart
Still marked them all, and still forgave ;
And as the more did I depart,
He the more faithful was to save.
- 4 Now while with lowly dread I trace
Their downward course, their dark array,
I see in his abounding grace
Their stain for ever washed away.

159.

Invitation to the Saviour.

L. M.

COME, O thou uncreated Word,
And make thy saving virtue known ;
Thou canst not come without it, Lord,
Salvation and thyself are one.

- 2 Essential happiness thou art ;
Sin to destroy in me appear,
Come with thy blood, and cleanse my heart,
And reign, my God, for ever here.

160.

"I will in no wise cast out."

C. M.

'**I***N* *no* wise,'—mighty word of faith !
 What more can sinners need ?
 Sinners, believe what Jesus saith,
 And with Jehovah plead.

- 2 Here drink the promise as it came
 Fresh from the lips of love ;
 Then, bending at the fountain, claim
 The blessing from above.
- 3 Doth conscience make you falter there,
 And dread to be cast out ?
 Ah ! what more wretched than despair ?
 And what more wrong than doubt ?
- 4 With all that thou hast done to win
 Affiance, Lord, from me,
 My one unpardonable sin
 Were, not to trust in thee.
- 5 While I am yet approaching, lo !
 Legions of terrors meet ;
 But vainly strive to seal my woe,
 Or fright me from thy feet.
- 6 Thou cam'st to give my conscience rest,
 I to receive it come ;
 And while thy promise cheers my breast,
 It strikes the demons dumb.
- 7 Now, in the sight of sinners, Lord,
 Of sinners save the chief ;
 And by thy wondrous work and word,
 Vanquish their unbelief.

161. "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."
6 lines 8s.

HOW strange the sin, the guilt how great,
The word of God to disbelieve !
His promise meets our lost estate
With aids we scruple to receive ;
Distrust the proffered help and die,
Rather than on its truth rely.

2 Spirit of life, from thee must flow
The power this unbelief to quell ;
To make us practically know
The truth that in the word doth dwell.
The strength its fulness can impart
To lead and keep the failing heart.

3 'Tis not till shorn of other hope,
In want and weakness, woe and guilt,
We dimly learn the gospel's scope,
And feel the rock on which 'tis built ;
Then as by light new made we see
How true the word of God must be.

4 Oh for this firm confiding heart,
This trust on what the Lord doth say ;
This willingness from all to part,
That once we thought for heaven to pay :
Spirit of life, the grace reveal,
Thyself the earnest and the seal.

162. "For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."
S. M.

THY presence I implore,
My Father and my Friend,
Oh guard me by thy mighty power,
Till life and danger end.

- 2 My path is strewed with snares,
My feet are apt to slide ;
Fears, enemies, temptations, cares,
Abound on every side.
- 3 My trembling steps uphold,
And fix my hopes above ;
Oh make me as the lion bold,
And harmless as the dove.
- 4 Lord, I commend to thee
The remnant of my days ;
Oh that my chief concern may be
To spend them to thy praise.

163. *"They shall look upon me whom they have pierced."* L. M.

IT comes ! the promised grace is poured
Like rain upon this hardened heart ;
God of the saints, by saints adored,
My God, a sinner's God, thou art.

- 2 'No smiling promise looks towards me,'
I said, and turned from Christ, accursed ;
At length, I look on him, and see
Hope for the hardest, guiltiest, worst.
- 3 His word speaks life to the forgiven,
Forgiveness to the penitent ;
But, were the yet obdurate driven
From mercy, ah ! who could repent ?
- 4 What wakes the first relenting thought,
What but the Spirit from above ?
Who e'er sought him, till by him sought ?
Or whom doth he not freely love ?

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Yes, *thou* hast made th' unfeeling feel,
Dread Sufferer, and the prayerless pray;
Where Jews in mockery knelt, I kneel
To weep my sinful heart away.
- 6 Laws graven on stone might frown afresh
Upon a heart more stony still;
But, symbol'd on thy wounded flesh,
They charm my passions, powers, and will.

PAUSE.

- 7 Can I condemned that Just One see,
Nor fear the final doom of guilt;
Nor blush for Christ, a curse for me;
Nor bleed for crimes his blood that spilt?
- 8 Conviction, dread, and shame, and grief,
Here have their sources and their scope;
Yet here love meets me with relief,
And whispers thankfulness and hope.
- 9 While yet the Crucified I view,
Priest on the throne to which he rose,
The heart, my sins had pierced anew,
A fountain for my cleansing flows.
- 10 I looked, and mourned: but now I gaze
In faith, and faith brings sudden bliss;
The Lamb, the Lamb as slain, I praise;—
Who, less than God, e'er loved like this?
- 11 To thee, whose blood hath purged my stains,
And made my stricken conscience whole,
Be glory, from my ceaseless strains,
Dominion, o'er my willing soul!

- 12 Oh I would die! the angel death
 Wings upward to thy throne should lend;
 Yet will I live, let life and breath
 But spread thy fame, thy love commend!

164. " *Other foundation can no man lay, than that is
 laid, which is Jesus Christ.*" 6 lines 8s.

CHRIST is the one foundation laid
 In the deep counsels of the Lord;
 For promises to sinners made,
 In the inspired, prophetic word,
 For welcome news of grace divine,
 In all his people's hearts, and mine.

- 2 Him Prophet, Priest, and King we own,
 Essential God, and real man;
 The church is built on Christ alone;
 Its doctrines, discipline, and plan,
 Its duties, and its blessings, rise
 On him, the Lord of earth and skies.

- 3 Rock of eternity, he stood
 Immovable in stedfast grace,
 Beneath the utmost wrath of God,
 Beneath the sin of Adam's race:
 And still my faith's support remains,
 And still he all my load sustains.

- 4 Sole basis of our faith, 'tis thus
 We on his life and death rely,
 His death from hell delivers us,
 His life shall bear us to the sky,
 Entitled glory to possess,
 By Jesus' blood and righteousness.

MEANT I not a full surrender
 When I first approached the Lord ;
 When, with conscience true and tender,
 I the spotted vest abhorred ;
 Bound to serve him,
 E'en as by a sevenfold cord ?

2 Why then parley with temptation,
 Linger long on dangerous ground,
 Venture on a dubious station,
 Near the border land be found ?
 Sure it marks me
 Self-deluded, all unsound !

3 Would not once the bare suggestion
 From me have been hotly spurned,
 Sending back the ancient question,
 'Have I to a brute been turned ?'
 Oh how little
 Sin's deceit I then discerned !

4 If my heart itself condemneth,
 Greater that omniscient eye
 Which the path of mortals hemmeth
 Round about with scrutiny,
 All things knowing ;
 Lord, my goings search and try !

5 Show me where my foot hath slidden,
 Where I went at first astray ;
 Though in secret chambers hidden
 Wrench the traitor sin away ;
 Kind Deliverer,
 Aid me now to watch and pray !

- 6 Safe I feel myself, no longer
 Than within thy guardian hand ;
 In myself I am not stronger
 Than a babe, too weak to stand,—
 Lord, uphold me,
 Step by step, to Canaan's land.

166.

Glorying in the cross.

L. M.

WHAT have I else whereof to boast ?
 A sinner by myself undone,
 And still, without thy mercy, lost,
 I glory in thy cross alone.

- 2 Conformed to my expiring Head,
 I share thy passion on the tree ;
 And now I to the world am dead,
 And all the world is dead to me.
- 3 As pilgrims to the world unknown,
 Acknowledged by the sinner's Friend,
 Jesus, the lover of thine own,
 Wilt thou not love us to the end ?
- 4 No help in utter need we have,
 But in thy strength and yearning zeal
 Mere sinners by thy blood to save,
 And stamp us with thy Spirit's seal.
- 5 In lowly confidence divine,
 That thou wilt never let us go,
 We now into thy hands resign
 Our souls, so dearly bought below.
- 6 With thee we trust them to that day
 When summoned from the flesh we part,
 And drop our perishable clay,
 And soar to see thee as thou art.

167. "But whom say ye that I am?" L. M.

LET others scorn the Saviour's name,
And on his blood their scandal pour;
My soul th' eternal boon shall claim;
My heart the Son of God adore.

- 2 Thanks to the light of gospel day,
That shows the Saviour to mankind:
My soul discerns this living way,
Where sinners life and pardon find.
- 3 But not with cold assent I hear
The truths that in his word I trace;
My heart approves and holds them dear,
I love the Saviour and his grace.
- 4 I rest, nor fear the billows' roll,
On this firm rock of truth and power:
Cheerful to him commit my soul,
Through life, and death's decisive hour.

168. *The leper's prayer.* L. M.

OUT of the deep of long despair
For help and holiness I cry,
Reject not, Lord, a leper's prayer,
But save, or in my sins I die.

- 2 These evil thoughts, these foul desires,
Nor man nor angel can remove,
For oh, my nature's plague requires
Thy whole omnipotence of love.
- 3 Thy hand, thy gracious power exert,
And touch me, Saviour, touch to heal,
My leprosy shall then depart,
My nature's plague the cure shall feel.

- 4 Thy blood, which pleaded on the cross,
Still prevalent for sinners cries ;
It speaks, and it hath gained my cause,
Secured my mansion in the skies.

169.

" Thy will be done."

C. M.

HOW sweet to be allowed to pray
To God the Holy One !
With filial love and trust, to say
O God, thy will be done.

- 2 We, in these sacred words, can find,
A cure for every ill ;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.
- 3 Oh let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.
- 4 Oh could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son !
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

170.

Entire surrender.

L. M.

THE heart of man must something love,
Nor can it rest in aught below ;
Lord, here 's my heart ! the gift approve ;
It thee would love, it thee would know.

- 2 Though all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be ;
For I am pleased with none beside ;
The fairest of the fair is he.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Sweet is the vision of thy face,
And kindness o'er thy lips is shed ;
Lovely art thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around thy head.
- 4 E'en whilst I hated, thou didst love,
And o'er thy rebel creature yearn ;
For me thou pleadest still above ;—
And shall I not such love return ?

PAUSE.

- 5 Thy sufferings I embrace with thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross ;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.
- 6 To nought beside my soul should tend,
For thee I all things would resign,
Nor would I those affections lend
Which ought to be entirely thine.
- 7 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel thee near ;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.
- 8 O keep my bosom true to thee,
Ere yet my mortal work is done,
And till thy face in heaven I see,
To be with thee for ever one.

171.

Entire devotedness.

C. M.

LORD, whom I love, to thee I give
My soul, my life, my all ;
To thee would I devoted live,
And ne'er the gift recall.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Let every action, thought, and word
To thy sole glory tend ;
And may I follow thee, my Lord,
Until this life shall end.
- 3 Impress thine image on my heart,
Let nothing else appear :
Thy meek and lowly mind impart,
And let me feel thee near.
- 4 If e'er to folly I incline,
My wandering feet restore,
That I may cleave to things divine
More firmly than before.
- 5 Strengthened by thy good Spirit's might,
May I not run in vain ;
But ever watch, and pray, and fight,
And still the field retain.
- 6 Thus urge me on to run the race
Appointed here below,
Until in heaven I see thy face,
Nor from thy presence go.

172. "God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected
in us." C. M.

PERFECT in me thy love, O Lord,
Worst of a sinful race,
By all but clemency abhorred,
Unsoftened but by grace.

- 2 Why did thy Son among us come,
Stoop to his creatures' fall,
And spend a life of love with some,
And die in love for all?

- 3 He would thy rebels reconcile,
And melt their enmity,
And free the world from strife and guile,
By likening man to thee.
- 4 Perfect in me that love !—complete
Each just and dear design ;
Let all in my experience meet,
Or in my temper shine.
- 5 Love in his own light let me see,
Through thy good Spirit feel ;
Then, loving God who first loved me,
God in my life reveal !
- 6 From faith shall sweet affections flow,
Delight in things above,
Benevolence to things below,
Divine, devoted love.
- 7 And while like Christ on earth I live,
No dread my hope shall mar ;
Learnt at his cross, this grace shall give
Boldness before his bar.
- 8 Then welcome Christ's, and my reward,
In heaven's eternity :
Is that thy love's last triumph, Lord ?
So perfect it in me !

173.

A prayer to the Holy Spirit.

L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit ! Lord of light !
Throned in the heaven of heavens above,
Descend in thy renewing might,
Come in the glory of thy love.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Here, in this dark, disordered heart,
Be thy creative power displayed ;
Thy own undying life impart
To nature's energies decayed.
- 3 For thou canst bid the dead arise :—
And, strong in all thy strength divine,
Armed with celestial energies,
Oh what a glorious life were mine !
- 4 How would high thoughts, in boldest flight,
From their inglorious bondage break,—
The soul's deep music of delight,
At thy harmonious touch awake !
- 5 Spirit of life, in love descend,
My dying spirit asks for thee ;
Breathe thou the life that cannot end,
Begin my immortality.

174. *" Forgetting those things which are behind."*
L. M. double.

WE do forget; contrition fain
Would act the mournful past again,
When, captive to our sins and fears,
We sought the Lord with secret tears;—
But he hath heard our meek request,
And given us liberty and rest;
Ended we own our mourning days,
Forget to weep, and live to praise !

- 2 We would forget ; our highest joys
The promised blessedness employs ;
Of Him we think, who made us thus—
Lord, thou hast done great things for us !

But these are small things in our eye,
 Compared with faith's futurity ;
 Fain would we 'leave the things behind,'
 And heaven on earth in Jesus find.

- 3 We shall forget ; there is a realm—
 The thought all thoughts may well o'erwhelm—
 Where both the griefs and joys of this
 Are lost in one full tide of bliss :
 Heaven after earth ! the former things,
 Earth's hopes, desires, imaginings,
 We shall forget them all above,
 Save, Lord, that thou wert always love.

175. *Poverty of spirit fostered by maturing holiness.*

C. M.

THE least, O Lord, of all thy saints,
 I blush to feel thy smile :
 As grace with thee my soul acquaints,
 I do but seem more vile.

- 2 Thy gift, enriching, makes me poor ;
 Since, freely sanctified,
 And only in thy strength secure,
 I have no plea for pride.
- 3 And what though love hath root within,
 How little fruit I bear !
 Thy promise shames the hindering sin,
 And bows me down in prayer.
- 4 E'en for my goodness, I confess,
 Thy Son had need t' atone ;
 Thy law, which claims my righteousness,
 Accepts thy Son's alone.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Thus fill me with entire distrust,
Jesus, of all but thee ;
And, having humbled me in dust,
Humble thyself to me.
- 6 If saints thy presence prostrate own,
And seraphs hide their face,
Before the cross, beneath the throne,
Is sure a sinner's place ?
- 7 Yet, tread not on a wounded worm,
Nor crush th' encumbering clod ;
But spare th' offending, help th' infirm,
And raise the meek to God.

176. "*Shall we sin because we are under grace? God forbid.*" C. M.

PART I.

- GRACE tempt my soul to grieve again
Its reconciling Lord ?
His peace, the purchase of his pain,
With enmity reward ?
- 2 No, Saviour ! if I love thee less,
Flag in the heavenward race,
And feel all dead to holiness,
I must be dead to grace.
- 3 From wrath through thine obedience freed,
How could I spurn control ;
Or for my sloth and trifling plead
The travail of thy soul ?
- 4 For life indebted to thy death,
Sure I should live to thee ;
Thine incense count my very breath,
Who gav'st thy blood for me.

- 5 Why gav'st thou blood ? oh ! was it spilt,
 And has it sprinkled been,
 To deepen—or to blot, my guilt,
 T' excuse—or make me clean ?
- 6 Could Jesus suffer for my sin,
 And I not dread it worse ?
 Would God have bruised him, but to win
 His creature from its curse ?
- 7 By grace for ever unexcused,
 Reproved, impelled, I pray,
 Let grace, no more to sin abused,
 Take my whole curse away.

177.

PART II.

C. M.

- C**URSE of a nature prone afresh
 To break through bonds like thine !
 Thou hast condemned it in thy flesh,
 Now seal its doom in mine.
- 2 Sin struggles ; would it were the throe
 Of its expiring hour,
 This moment fatal to my foe
 Thy death's immortal power !
- 3 Dust cleaves to dust,—oh ! quicken me,
 As by thy dying word ;
 Then with the might, which raised up thee,
 My quickened spirit gird.
- 4 Faith fails,—appear, as once thou didst,
 The crucified I AM !
 Hope pines,—re-open heaven, and 'midst
 The throne, unveil the Lamb !

- 5 Love glows not,—with a live coal touch
 From off thine altar-cross ;
 Till, like thee, for thee, loving much,
 I count all things but loss.
- 6 Grace ! let me feel its charm, my God ;
 And, stirring up thy gift,
 I'll rush where Calvary's hosts have trod,
 And high its standard lift.
- 7 Thy hated foes, around, within,
 Strong in thy strength, defy ;
 Nail to its cross my felon sin,
 And watch it, till it die.
- 8 With sinners unsubdued I'll wield
 The sword which conquered *me*,
 And bear the wounded on my shield,
 The shield of faith,—to thee.
- 9 So shall I win a brighter crown,
 To cast before thy throne ;
 Then with the least of saints fall down,
 And sing of grace alone.

178.

" Follow me."

C.

MY Saviour, can I follow thee,
 When all is dark before ?
 While midnight rests upon the sea,
 How can I reach the shore ?

- 2 Oh, let thy star of love but shine,
 Though with the faintest ray ;
 'T will gild with light the foaming brine,
 And light my stormy way.

- 3 Then gladly will I follow thee,
 Though hurricanes appear ;
 Singing with rapture o'er the sea ;—
 ' What can I have to fear ? '

179. *" The world passeth away, and the fashion thereof ;
 but he that doeth the will of God abideth for
 ever."* C. M.

THE world eludes my fond desire,
 And memory mocks my pain ;
 But while the scenes of sense retire,
 The joys of faith remain.

- 2 Jesus, my changeless God thou art,
 My changeless Saviour thou ;
 O fill this lorn and lonely heart
 With thy pure presence now.
- 3 Thy steps have long enchanted earth ;
 And now from earth to die,
 Were but the pang, that marked my birth
 To thine own home on high.
- 4 If bright the world where thou canst deign,
 Though veiled, to visit me—
 If glows the temple with thy train,
 What must the holiest be !

180.

The world renounced.

148th.

PLEASURES of earth, farewell—
 I bid you all depart,
 My God hath broke the spell,
 And claims my willing heart.
 That heart shall now be his alone,
 Since he hath claimed it for his own.

- 2 He calls, and I obey :
 Obedient to that call,
 I'd turn from earth away,
 And make my God my all.
 The Saviour's presence and his love,
 Are all the saints will need above.
- 3 These he dispenses here
 To those who seek his face,
 And these alone can cheer
 While earth's our dwelling-place ;
 These are the precious earnest given
 To pilgrims on their way to heaven.

181. "*I have set the Lord always before me.*" L. M

- HOW shall I think, my God, of thee,
 Or realize thy presence now,
 When no material form can be,
 Eternal Spirit, such as thou ?
- 2 Yet would I know that thou art near,
 By some assured, unfailing sign ;
 And worship, e'en as seraphs fear,
 When bowed before thy face divine.
- 3 Oh ! to the spirit's gaze reveal
 Thy perfect majesty and grace,
 And let my heart thine influence feel,
 Unworthy to behold thy face.
- 4 And then I need no rushing wind
 To herald in thine advent, Lord ;
 No glory on the spot enshrined
 To tell that thou art here adored.

- 5 Poor child of earth, be mine to know
 The joys of faith, and hope, and love ;
 To worship thee unseen below,
 And see thee as thou art above.

182. *"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is
 none upon earth that I desire beside thee."*
 7s double.

LORD of earth, thy forming hand
 Well this beauteous frame hath planned,—
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling in his power ;—
 Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
 Should I cease thy smile to share,
 What were all its joys to me ?
 Whom have I on earth but thee ?

- 2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
 Shines a world of purer light ;
 There, in love's unclouded reign,
 Severed friends shall meet again :
 Oh, that world is passing fair ;
 Yet, if thou wert absent there,
 What were all its joys to me ?
 Whom have I in heaven but thee ?

- 3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
 Seeks in thee its only rest :
 I was lost ; thy accents mild
 Homeward lured thy wandering child :
 Oh, if once thy smile divine
 Ceased upon my soul to shine,
 What were earth or heaven to me ?
 Whom have I in each but thee ?

183.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHAMBER.

"He came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives;—and, being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly."
C. M. double.

O H, never could my Master seek
The mount of lonely prayer,
But troubles more than sighs could speak
Would haunt his vision there :
He felt the chill o'ershadowing awe,
Which warns of storms to be,
And in the place of prayer foresaw
The scene of agony.

2 But when the dreaded hour came nigh
On that frequented spot,
Blest answers came to many a sigh,
By all but God forgot ;
And angel comforters had leave
To gather many a tear,
Which e'en the breathless, listening eve
Failed, when it fell, to hear.

3 Thy follower, Jesus, would I be
Where'er thy feet have trod ;
And dear, like thine, have been to me
My lonelier hours with God :
Him in my chamber oft I seek,
Him on my bed desire ;
And when of death my tremors speak,
His words new trust inspire.

4 Yes, if the foe should find me here,
And traitor-doubts intrude,
Angel Jehovah ! thou wilt cheer
My soul's dread solitude.

And while the future beams on me,
 The past this balm shall bear,—
 The scene of mortal agony
 Was long the place of prayer.

184. *“Yea, he loved the people; all his saints are
 thy hand: and they sat down at thy feet; every
 one shall receive of thy words.”* C. M.

WHOM Jesus' blood doth sanctify
 Need neither sin nor fear;
 Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie,
 And smile at danger near.

- 2 His guardian hand doth hold, protect,
 And save by ways unknown,
 The little flock, the saints elect,
 Who trust in him alone.
- 3 Our Prophet, Priest, and King, to thee
 We joyfully submit,
 And learn, in meek humility,
 Our lesson at thy feet.
- 4 Spirit and life thy words impart,
 And blessings from above,
 And drop in every listening heart
 The manna of thy love.
- 5 Now, Lord, with simple faith divine,
 Thy sayings we receive,
 Precept on precept, line on line,
 And by thy Spirit live;
- 6 Till, late to all thy life restored,
 And ripened for the sky,
 We hear that last and sweetest word,
 “Go, get thee up, and die.”

185. "*Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*" L. M.

SAVIOUR of men ! I know thee mine,
By God the Father given to me ;
And only wait the power divine,
To fix my hope and heart on thee.

- 2 Now let thy truth's attempering light,
The softer radiance of thy grace,
Reflect to faith's undazzled sight
Th' effulgence of Jehovah's face.
- 3 Cause me thy merits to partake,
And worthy count the meritless ;
Unholy, me this moment make
All righteous, in thy righteousness.
- 4 But could I, reconciled, remain
Beneath an alien nature's curse ?
No, let thy Spirit cleanse its stain,
And to celestial vigour nurse.
- 5 My mind and passions purified,
Spare my frail frame,—then bid my dust,
Sealed for redemption, sure abide
The resurrection of the just.
- 6 So save me to the uttermost ;
And, in thy right and strength secure,
No carnal plea, nor power, I boast,
No creature-confidence endure.
- 7 In God, who made thee all to me,
When hope hung trembling on his nod,
And fixes now my soul in thee,
My soul shall make her boast in God.

186.

Free salvation.

C. M.

IF truly our salvation be
 A gift in Christ bestowed,
 Why drag we thus so heavily
 Along the heavenly road?

- 2 Why take the burden once laid down,
 That made the conscience reel?
 And think to gain the proffered crown
 By what we do or feel?
- 3 We tried it long, in anguish sore,
 Would fain our heaven have won,
 But every struggle left us more
 In hopelessness undone.
- 4 At length the gospel method broke
 Clear on the wondering eye,
 As if new truths the Scriptures spoke,
 New suns lit up the sky.
- 5 And what, the power of sin controlled,
 But this celestial ray,
 And guilt's condemning burden rolled,
 As by a glance, away?
- 6 Then why the old mistake renew,
 And Christ himself unlearn?
 Lord, keep the gospel plan in view,
 And help us to discern.

187. *"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see
 God."* 7s.

BLESSED are the pure in heart!
 They have learned the angel-art,
 Yet on earth, in heaven to be,
 God, by sense unseen, to see.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Cleansed from sin's offensive stain,
Fellowship with him they gain,
Nearness, likeness, to their Lord,
Their exceeding great reward.
- 3 Worshipping in spirit now,
In his inner court they bow,
Bow before the brightening vail,
God, himself revealing, hail.
- 4 Serious, simple of intent,
Teachably intelligent,
Rapt, they search his written word,
Till the very voice is heard !
- 5 In creation him they own,
Meet him in its haunts, alone ;
Most, amidst its sabbath-calm,
Morning light, and evening balm.
- 6 Him they still, through busier life,
Trust, 'midst pain, and care, and strife ;
These, like clouds o'er noontide blaze,
Temper, not conceal, his rays.
- 7 Hallowed thus their every breath,
Dying, they shall not see death ;
Ere the mortal bourn be trod,
Heaven begun, they see but God !
- 8 With the Lord in paradise,
Till, like his, their bodies rise ;
Near as holy seraphim,
In their flesh shall saints see him :

- 9 Christ, the saint's salvation, see,
 Christ, the sinner's sanctity ;
 With the Father, in the Son,
 Through the Spirit, ever one.
- 10 Teacher, Saviour of mankind,
 Write the mystery in my mind,
 Put it in mine inward part,
 Blessed are the pure in heart !

188. " *Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength
 lieth.*" 8. 7.

CHRISTIANS, strong in grace and labour,
 Show us where your strength doth lie ;
 Ye who go with ' pipe and tabor,'
 Trump and shout to victory :
 Knew ye ever sore misgiving,
 Fight without and fears within ?
 Whence the secret of your living ;
 Whence your triumph over sin ?

- 2 Not in us the strength resideth,
 Not from us the fountain rolls ;
 'Tis a life that Jesus hideth
 Daily, in our dying souls :
 But for this, each moment given,
 Suited to our spirits' need,
 We from hope had soon been driven,
 Poor, and blind, and weak indeed.
- 3 Come, the stores are full and flowing,
 Only ask, and you receive :
 Millions to the fount are going ;
 Can you but the boon believe ?

Fling far off the thought of earning,
 Look and live ;—'tis thus we buy !
 Come, in faith the Lord discerning :—
 Here alone our strength doth lie.

189. "*With my soul have I desired thee.*" S. M.

JESUS, my only Friend,
 To thee I raise my cry,
 For 'tis on thee my hopes depend
 For every fresh supply.

2 By faith I would draw near
 To seek thee as my guide ;
 O keep me while I sojourn here,
 For ever near thy side.

3 Thou art my only trust,
 My portion and my joy ;
 No more let vanity and dust
 My heart and hopes employ.

4 Wean me from all below,
 To heaven my spirit raise ;
 There let my best affections flow,
 Through my remaining days.

5 On thee I cast my care,
 To whom my wants are known ;
 Save me from each destructive snare,
 And seal me as thine own.

6 Help me by faith to view
 The joys above the skies,
 And with increasing zeal pursue
 The everlasting prize.

190. "*Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*" C. M.

TO Thee, who hast absolved my guilt,
A sinner still, I pray ;
Assured thou canst, whene'er thou wilt,
Take all my griefs away.

- 2 Thy cross hath crucified the flesh,
Thy love constraineth mine ;
But nature oft profanes afresh
Thy Spirit's frailest shrine.
- 3 My best affections faintly glow,
Pent in this lamp of clay ;
And when the blasts of trial blow,
Seem flickering away.
- 4 Oh ! when shall all this storm and strife
Be quieted within ?
When shall the law of heavenly life
Break the last bond of sin ?
- 5 When shall my love be unrestrained,
My zeal without a chill,
And endless victory attained
O'er all that mocks thy will ?
- 6 Lord, if corruption's latent power
My perfect bliss defeat,
The resurrection's glorious hour
My triumph shall complete.
- 7 My soul, from this vile body freed,
Or clothed with one more pure,
Shall know no sin, no refuge need,
All holy, all secure.

- 8 Then, when its refuge it hath found
 Beneath thy throne above,
 No change shall mar, no measure bound,
 Its portion in thy love.
- 9 How gladly could I yield my breath,
 For such a hope as this !
 Life strangely perfected through death ;
 The grave my path to bliss.

191.

For upholding grace.

L. M.

- JESUS, in sore temptation's hour
 May I not trust thy truth and power ?
 Surely I *would* thy word embrace,
 And hang on thy sufficient grace.
- 2 Thou canst thy weakest servant keep,
 That I shall neither fall, nor sleep ;
 Shall never let the tempter in,
 Or yield to my besetting sin.
- 3 Least of thy faithful people, I
 Do on thy mighty arm rely,
 Who promisest with us to stay,
 And watch thy vineyard night and day.
- 4 Stay then, my aid in time of need,
 Nor into sore temptation lead ;
 But check the wanderings of my will,
 And save me from the dreaded ill.
- 5 Thou know'st the treachery of my heart,
 Ready to take the tempter's part ;
 But kept, thy saving health to see,
 I side, against myself, with thee :

- 6 Thou wilt in me thy arm reveal,
And freely my backslidings heal ;
'Till, filled with love, I him adore
Who keeps me, that I stray no more.

192. *God our protector at all times.* C. M.

- WE will look up to yonder hills,
Where only help is found ;
To him who all creation fills,
Who gives the stars their bound.
- 2 The mighty God his Israel keeps,
And holy is his name ;
He never slumbers, never sleeps,
From age to age the same.
- 3 Lord, we who in thy ways delight
May banish every fear ;
By sea and land, by day and night,
Thy hand is ever near.
- 4 No noontide sun shall us dismay,
Nor moon our souls alarm ;
For thou, whom heaven and earth obey,
Wilt guard from every harm.
- 5 In danger, and the hour of dread,
Thou wilt thy care extend ;
Thy shield unseen is round us spread,
To shelter and defend.
- 6 We will indulge no faithless doubt,
And, wheresoe'er we roam,
Thou wilt preserve our going out,
And thou, our coming home.

193.

Fears overcome,

C. M.

HOW can I spread my sinful heart
 Before the holiest eye ?
 Shall not I hear the doom, 'Depart,
 'Thou guilty one, and die?'

- 2 Yea, Lord, I make no poor pretence
 To e'en the humblest claim,
 My very prayers would be offence,
 Polluted by my shame.
- 3 I come, because I cannot stay,
 No other help can find ;
 And if the Saviour turn away,
 I'll 'touch his hem, behind.'
- 4 I come, encouraged by the sight
 Of all the forms he wears :
 Our great High Priest in heaven's height
 My soul's petition bears.
- 5 He enters gloriously to plead
 The work himself hath done ;
 Appointed there to intercede,
 Thy well-beloved Son.
- 6 Oh may upon his faithful breast
 My worthless name be read ;
 So shall my guilty spirit rest,
 Nor e'en the Holiest dread.

194.

*"The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom
 shall I fear?"*

L. M.

JEHOVAH is my light divine ;
 Whom shall I fear while he is mine ?
*He is my strong salvation too ;
 Why should I dread what man can do ?*

- 2 His help has often been my aid,
When hosts of foes in ambush laid :
Sworn to destroy, they rose—they fell,
My fortress was impregnable.
- 3 Therefore my heart shall never fear,
While I have such a refuge near ;
E'en though a host encamped again,
My heart should still as firm remain.
- 4 Though war should rise without—within,
Jesus can conquer earth and sin :
On this my confidence I place,
Not on my worth, but on thy grace.

195. “ *It is I, be not afraid.* ” C. M.

ON the lone sea, how dark the night,
How fierce the gathering storm !
Tinging with faint and lurid light
That dim, unearthly form.

- 2 Hath hell some shape of terror sent,
Christ's followers to alarm ;
Some wandering, restless spirit, bent
To work them deadly harm ?
- 3 Well might their bosoms quail with fear,
Till he their terror stayed,
As the loved voice stole on their ear—
‘ ’Tis I, be not afraid.’
- 4 How often, in earth's misty light,
Do forms of glory seem
Like shapes that haunt the shades of night,
Or visions of a dream !

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

5 Then, though our heart refuse to own
His presence passing by,
How kind the words, how soft the tone,
Fear not, faint heart—'tis I !

6 And even when, through death's cold gloom,
Strange, fiend-like faces peer,
Soft accents, breaking from the tomb,
Say, ' Fear not, I am here.'

196. "*He shall preserve thy soul.*" C. M.

THE word of God continues sure,
On which my hope is cast ;
Thou shalt my tempted soul secure,
Till every storm is past.

2 With all who on thy truth depend
Thou promisest to stay,
From every evil to defend,
And keep us night and day.

3 According to my faith in thee
It shall to me be done :
My guide to death, my guardian be,
Till all the field is won.

197. "*I withheld thee from sinning.*" S. M. double.

MY God, the power was thine
Which did from sin restrain ;
And, saved so oft by grace divine,
I ask thy grace again :

From sin withhold me still,
Or I shall be undone ;
Then, though inclined to every ill,
I shall consent to none.

- 2 To my own net I dare
No longer sacrifice ;
Myself with publicans compare,
And look with scornful eyes.
My soul will come to shame
If left in danger's hour :
And virtue is an empty name,
Without thy Spirit's power.

198. *Backsliding reprov'd and deplored.* S. M.

IF chastisement you bear,
Inquire the cause within ;
Have you been caught in Satan's snare ?
The search severe begin.

- 2 Faith makes the captive free,
Whom sin to chains allured ;
Sin is a deadly malady,
Which must, though deep, be cured.
- 3 Father ! if we have strayed,
And our first love be cold ;
If hearts, deceitful, have betrayed,
And we have left thy fold ;
- 4 Still be the helper near,
O visit us once more !
Through him, whom thou dost always hear,
Thy wandering sheep restore.

- 5 Thy name, O Lord, we bless,
That we, the heirs of dust,
May wear Christ's robe of righteousness,
In which alone we trust.

199.

Against desertion.

L. M.

- MY Lord, if thou one moment leave,
That moment I from thee depart,—
Fall into sin, thy Spirit grieve,
And to the tempter yield my heart.
- 2 O, do not at a distance stand,
Or from my helpless soul remove :
Trouble and sin are hard at hand,
And nought can save me but thy love.
- 3 Exposed continually to shame,
To fiends, and men, and passion's power :
O pluck the brand from out the flame,
Or turn aside the fiery hour.
- 4 I feel throughout my evil day
Temptation intimately near :
Oh could I without ceasing pray,
And always watch, and always fear !
- 5 Oh could I faithfully embrace
Thy promise, Lord, as made to me,—
'I will refresh thy soul with grace,
Will every moment water thee.'
- 6 Jesus, for this to thee I cry ;
Upon my thirsty, gasping soul,
Pour out thy Spirit from on high,
And floods o'er all the desert roll.

- 7 Spirit of grace, spring up in me,
Flow from within, as from above ;—
Fountain of life and purity,
Fountain of happiness and love.

200. " *My soul cleaveth to the dust.*" L. M.

HOW oft a thousand trifling things
Detain my soul from Jesus' arms !
And each around my spirit clings,
T' enslave me with its poisoned charms.

- 2 But ah ! the heart that once has known
The value of a Saviour's love,
Will all these hinderances bemoan
That keep it from the joys above.

- 3 I mourn this distance from my Lord ;
I feel an aching void within ;—
And sink beneath a load abhorred
Of guilt, ingratitude, and sin.

- 4 Yet whither can my spirit fly
For comfort in this trying hour ?
What hand a cordial can supply,
Or save me from the tempter's power ?

- 5 My God, no other hand but thine
Can loose the chains of unbelief :
Oh, wouldst thou on my spirit shine
And give my mourning soul relief !

- 6 Thou art my portion and my trust,
My refuge and my hiding-place ;
Though oft I cleave unto the dust,
And slight the pleadings of thy grace.

- 7 Yes thou art precious to my heart,
And still I pant for warmer love ;
When shall I see thee as thou art,
Unveiled within thy courts above ?

201.

" Faith, hope, charity."

C. M.

- OH for the faith that can rely
Unwavering on the word,
Resolved at mercy's foot to lie,
Though mercy long deferred.
- 2 Oh for the pulse of hope that springs
Elastic through the breast,
Directs the eye to heavenly things,
And smiles its fears to rest.
- 3 Oh for that charity divine,
That bathes the soul in love,
And makes the humble Christian shine
Like holy ones above.
- 4 Great Source of good, on every heart
Thy ' grace, for grace ' bestow ;
That polished thus, in whole or part,
May our profession glow.
- 5 Let not the enemy blaspheme,
By our miscarriage led ;
And truth itself a falsehood deem,
So ill illustrated.
- 6 For every day, for every hour,
We need and crave supply ;
That so thy gospel's holy power
We may exemplify.

202. " *Oh that I knew where I might find him !*" P. M.

OH where shall I wander to find
Whom once I enjoyed in my heart,
My Lord, ever loving and kind,
Till forced by my sin to depart ?

2 He left me in darkness and pain,
Most wretched of all the lost race ;
Oh, what shall I do to regain
The light of his heavenly face ?

3 Heavy-laden, and weary, and faint,
Much longer I cannot pursue ;
Unavailing is all my complaint,
Till my merciful Saviour I view.

4 But the God of unspeakable love,
Whom I cannot discover or see,
Himself shall the shadows remove,
And his mercy shall bring him to me.

203. " *My Beloved had withdrawn himself, and was
gone.*" L. M.

BUT has my Lord my soul forgot ?
I seek him in each hallowed spot ;
And find them all, since he has fled,
Drear as the mansions of the dead.

2 And shall I then descend to earth
For solace of terrestrial birth ?
Can creature good thy loss repair,
Thou ' fairest of ten thousand ' fair ?

- 3 As well the orphan babe may rest
On some fair statue's marble breast,
Whence no nutritious virtues flow
To soothe the hapless child of woe.
- 4 Ye happier souls, who feel his grace,
And with delight his footsteps trace,
O, tell him when he smiles on you,
I languish for his favour too.
- 5 Could I ascend like yonder dove,
I'd speed my flight to realms above ;
Nor should my hovering spirit rest,
Till safely sheltered in his breast.

204. *Distance from God lamented.* L. M.

HOW far from thee, my Lord, I live,
Though thou hast been my dearest Friend!
Canst thou my wandering soul forgive?
Still to my feeble cry attend?

- 2 Dejected, to thy cross I come,
To drop a penitential tear :
O, let thy bosom be my home,
My refuge from each rising fear.
- 3 Oft o'er the past I turn my eyes,
And mourn the joys that now are fled :
Past sins in quick succession rise,
And overwhelm my guilty head.
- 4 Yet mercy still around me flows,
Still all my lot with love is crowned ;
Though wrath might justly interpose,
And smite the cumberer of the ground.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

5 And shall I, Lord, thy kindness share,
And still so base, so faithless be ?
The object of thy gracious care,
Yet spurn thy love,—revolt from thee !

6 O, touch my soul with power divine,
Subdue this adamant heart :
I pant to be entirely thine,
I would from thee no more depart.

205. "*My soul is cast down within me, therefore will
I remember thee.*" L. M.

OFt in the hour of secret grief
I've hasted to a throne of grace,
And there have found a sweet relief,
And mercy suited to my case.

2 Then why should unbelieving fears
O'erwhelm me now with sad dismay,
Though sorrow in my path appears,
And disappointment marks my way ?

3 Though heavy trials be at hand,
And earthly comforts disappear,
Though I should seared and blighted stand,
Deprived of all I hold most dear ;—

4 Yet if in Jesus' love I share,
I've still a mine of rich supply ;
A balm for each corroding care,
And streams of bliss that never dry !

5 Oh may my faith unshaken rest
Upon my Saviour's promise still ;
Till with a sweet assurance blest,
I welcome all his sovereign will.

206. *"My heart and my flesh fail me, but God
strength of my heart and my portion for ever."*

WHERE can the fainting spirit rest,
When outward health and strength
When death's pale messengers arrest,
And call from earthly scenes away?

- 2 Can human friendship then avail
To spoil the tyrant of his sting?
Or, if the tempter's darts assail,
Can mortals consolation bring?
- 3 Jesus! no other voice but thine
Can bid the raging tempest cease;
Amid the gloom of life's decline,
Speak sweet serenity, and peace.
- 4 But oh! when heart and flesh decay,
How sweet to find thee still the same!
And in the terrors of that day,
To sing 'Salvation,' through thy name!
- 5 May but my soul still cleave to thee,
In life, in death, my only Friend;
Till, all unveiled, thy face I see,
And at thy feet adoring bend!

207. *"Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and
exceeding great reward."*

THY voice, O Lord, I hear not,
In gloom my path is hid;
*O say unto me—'Fear not;'
My anxious doubts forbid.*

'Midst cold or hostile strangers,
Be thou my Friend, O Lord,
My shield against all dangers,
My infinite reward.

2 Oh, if, for some wise reason,
My strength of faith to test,
Thick darkness for a season
My troubled mind invest ;—
By some resplendent token,
Thy presence then reveal ;
Confirm what thou hast spoken,
And thy rich promise seal.

3 To have the blest assurance
That Abraham's God is mine,
Were worth a long endurance
Of discipline divine :
Yes, through the intercession
Of Abraham's Son and Lord,
Secure is faith's possession,
And glorious its reward.

208. *"But thou, Lord, art a shield for me ; my glory,
and the lifter up of mine head."* C. M.

I AM thy workmanship, O Lord,
And unto thee belong :
Thou art my shield, my great reward ;
My glory and my song.

2 Surround me with thy guardian might,
Uphold me with thy grace ;
Conduct me harmless through the fight,
Unwearied through the race.

- 3 Make me a weapon of thy power,
 An angel of thy will;
 To thee devoted, let each hour
 Its happy task fulfil.
- 4 Alas! how flesh and sense prevail.
 But oh that brighter sphere,
 Where joy and vigour cannot fail,
 And God is ever near!

209. "*Woman—why weepest thou?*" 6 lines 7s.

- LORD, I weep; for I am lone,
 Wandering in a way unknown;
 Fainting in the burning ray,
 Weary, weeping every day;
 Sinking sadly down to rest,
 Only in night-visions blest.
- 2 Lord, I weep; for I have fled
 From thy sight, self-banished;
 Lured by phantoms vain and wild,
 Left my home, a rebel child;
 Wandered to a land afar,
 Watched my last, my setting star.
- 3 Now, when all is night, I come
 To my Father, to my home;
 Now I wait before thy throne,
 Where thy mercy once hath shone,
 Bending, till thy smile again
 Beam like sunshine after rain.
- 4 *Now I hear thy gracious word,
 I will weep no more, my Lord:*

Thou hast wept—hast died for me,
 I will triumph now in thee;
 All my agony was thine,
 All thy glory shall be mine

210. "*As for me, is my complaint to man?*" C. M.

MY God, while all around is dark,
 Be thou a light to me :
 A weary dove, I seek mine ark,
 Thy peaceful sanctuary.

- 2 There, in alternate hope and fear,
 I bow the trembling knee ;
 And on thine altar drop the tear,
 Unseen by all but thee.
- 3 My Saviour, could I see thee stand
 In all thy kindness there,
 Oh, I would touch with trembling hand
 Thy golden sceptre fair ;—
- 4 Would at thy feet all lowly bow,
 In deep, unceasing prayer ;
 And far too merciful art thou,
 To let my soul despair.
- 5 There, Lord, I'll bend with burning heart,
 And heavy, weeping eye ;
 There cling, till life and strength depart,
 And there contented die.
- 6 I shall not die before thy throne,
 Thou living Lord on high !
 But rise to make thy mercy known,
 Thy grace to magnify.

211. "*Thou art a God that hidest thyself.*" 8. 7. 4.

- AWFUL Power ! whose path of wonder
Cleaves the dark unfathomed deeps ;
Whom the secret place of thunder
Veils, while trembling frailty weeps :
Yet, O guide us,
With thine eye which never sleeps !
- 2 Glorious when thy ways concealing,
Light withholden, hope deferred :
When our souls implore thine healing,
And their anguish seems unheard,
Help our faintness
Still to grasp thy faithful word !
- 3 Father, thou canst love severely ;
Thou the blood-bought joy dost weigh ;
All our pangs a moment merely,
Measured by th' unending day :
Yet, O cheer us,
Cheer us with its dawning ray !
- 4 Sun of hope, who changest never,
Let not clouds of mortal night
Us from thee and glory sever ;
Make e'en death's cold shadows bright :
Wake us—own us—
In thy likeness—in thy light !

212.

In perplexity.

L. M.

FEEBLE in body and in mind,
Saviour, I cast them both on thee,
With humble confidence to find
Thy perfect strength displayed in me.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Entangled in the worldly snare,
With sore perplexity distrest,
O'erwhelmed with mountain-loads of care,
Beneath thy mercy's wings I rest.
- 3 If thou direct my paths aright,
If thou before thy servant go,
The darkness shall be turned to light,
The mountains at thy presence flow :
- 4 The crooked things shall at thy word
Be straight, the rugged places plain,
The creatures all obey their Lord,
And be whate'er thy will ordain.
- 5 My soul, escaped the fowler's snare,
Above all earthly things shall rise ;
Till, freed at length from sin and care,
I love, and wonder, in the skies.

213. "*The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble.*"
148th.

THE Lord in trouble's hour
From highest heaven shall hear ;
His very name hath power
To chase away our fear :
Before his throne accepted rise
Our morn and evening sacrifice.

- 2 Whene'er our prayer ascends
Unto his holy hill,
Down from his presence bends
The angel of his will ;
A gracious answer sent to bear
At the beginning of our prayer.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Slumber nor sleep invade
The Guardian of our way :
By day a cooling shade,
By night a guiding ray
Directs the pathway to be trod,
Up, even to the throne of God.

214. *Preservation in trouble.* L. M.

- TEACH me thy way, O Lord; and lead
My feet, by thine almighty power :
Thou art my help in time of need ;
O save me in this adverse hour.
- 2 Thou art, O Lord, my last resource ;
On all sides round, the foe I see,—
Men who are strangers to remorse,
And such as breathe out cruelty.
- 3 In many a dark and cheerless day,
Afflicted by thy sovereign rod,
My soul had fainted by the way,
But for her confidence in God.
- 4 Wait on the Lord ; new courage take ;
He is the portion of the just ;
He shall uphold the souls who make
His name their hope and only trust.

215. *"That in me ye might have peace."* C. M.

WHEN is the gospel put to test ?
Its truth, its glory, seen ?
'Tis, when the soul, by sickness prest,
Hovers two worlds between.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 2 The simple promise, trite and plain,
It clasps with dying power :
What were the world, with all its gain,
In that disrobing hour?
- 3 Time's passing pageants, gay and brief,
In dimmest shade appear ;
Exciting joy, depressing grief,
Awake nor smile nor tear.
- 4 But oh ! the scene sublimely strange,
Approaching hourly nigh !
What would the soul for Christ exchange,
When flesh and heart must die ?
- 5 Jesus, in thee the humblest trust
Supports the fainting head ;
And calmly towards his bed of dust
The faltering saint can tread.
- 6 Thus be thy word of promise near
When ebbs my life away ;
Then the last summons let me hear,
And gladly I'll obey.

216.

The hiding-place.

C. M.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In thee I put my trust ;
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

- 2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
Than this—The Lord my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
- 4 From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!
- 5 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain;
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain;
- 6 Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this—the witness in my breast,
That Jesus died for me?
- 7 And when thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And, life in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;
- 8 Then, though it be in accents weak
And faint, and tremblingly,
O, give me strength in death to speak,
My Saviour died for me!

217. *Christian resources in affliction.* L. M.

'MIDST much affliction, Lord, I think,—
Thus suffer all mankind their due;
Nor need I 'neath the surges sink,
Thy saints have all passed safely through.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 2 And though my path from out the flood
But lead into the fiercer flame,
Thou, who canst pity flesh and blood,
That trial temperest to my frame.
- 3 Nay, out of measure should it gain,
And press beyond my present strength,
Thy grace, increasing with my pain,
Shall surely bring me through at length.

218. *Confessions of unfaithfulness, and renewal of self-dedication to God.* 6 lines 8s.

- MY God, how often hath thine ear
In mercy to a mourner bowed,
While, worshipping thine altar near,
Lowly I wept, yet fearless vowed!
But ah! what fruits of faith remain?
Have I not vowed and wept in vain?
- 2 Boundless in grace! return, return;
Compassionate my new distress!
My faithlessness again I mourn;
Again forgive my faithlessness,
And to thine arms a sinner take,
And bless me, for the Saviour's sake.
- 3 Oh, that my love no more may know
Or change, or interval, or end,
Guide me where thou wouldst have me go,
And evermore my prayer attend,
And gladden me with answers mild,
And commune, Father, with thy child!

219. "Look unto me, and be ye saved." "Behold the
Lamb of God." L. M.

WHEN, at the voice of pardoning love,
Which woos the guilty wanderer home,
My trembling feet refuse to move,
And cannot to the Saviour come :

2 And when my powerless hand is stayed,
Just as it would the grace receive :
And when my lips in dust are laid,
And dare not whisper, 'I believe :'

3 Oh, could I then but raise mine eye
To him, that liveth and hath died ;
That look should lift my soul on high,
And God pronounce me justified !

220. *Consolation in sorrow.* 8. 7.

CHRISTIANS find rich consolation,
Solid ground on which to rest ;
Trusting in the great salvation,
Not deserted, though oppress.

2 When they bow beneath affliction,
Tempests threatening to o'erwhelm,
They have still the sweet conviction,
That their Father guides the helm.

3 Though they feel the weight of sorrow,
Tasting now the cup of grief,
God they know can, on the morrow,
Wipe their tears, and send relief.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Lord, though we deserve thy chiding,
On thy Son our souls we cast ;
In his blood alone confiding
To obtain thy smile at last.

221. *"Is it well with thee? &c. And she answered,
It is well."* 148th.

- FATHER, my spirit owns
Thy right to mine and me ;
Yet pardon human groans
From human agony :
The eyes' desire, the soul's delight,
Thy wisdom hath seen good to blight.
- 2 In deep submission, aid
The broken heart to lie,
Nor, when the stroke is made,
To murmur or reply ;
Great grace for greatest need bestow,
And strong supports for deepest woe.
- 3 Alas ! the brittle reed,
On human life to lean !
A solace frail indeed,
Vanished as soon as seen !
Then, who shall fill the cheerless void,
Or stay the soul 'mid hopes destroyed ?
- 4 Lord, with thy fulness come,
O'erwhelming grief dispel ;
Bid every thought be dumb
That ventures to rebel ;
Let but the blessed fruit remain,
The sheaves of grace from sorrow's grain.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Soon pass all times away ;
 We too must rise and go :
 For each appointed day,
 Saviour, the strength bestow ;
And safely lead through flood or fire :
Amen ! be this our soul's desire.

222. *" My grace is sufficient for thee."* C. M.

- SUFFICIENT is the grace of God
For all his trembling saints ;
For whilst we feel his chastening rod,
He heals our soul's complaints.
- 2 He tempers the refiner's fire,
 And will the strength bestow
To bear, whate'er his seeming ire
For trial sends below.
- 3 In every strait, in every need,
 Will he with grace attend,
Our troubles and our dangers heed,
An ever faithful Friend.
- 4 And though the trial's toilsome length
 May prove us weakness all,
Ours is the Great Jehovah's strength,
Nor shall we wholly fall.

223. *" Our light affliction, which is but for a moment,
 worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal
 weight of glory."* 8. 7.

S SHORT the conflict, light the trial,
Given to the saints below ;
Here, a day of self-denial,
There, delights eternal flow.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

True, the coward flesh may tremble,
While the rod is lifted high ;
But how soon shall all assemble
Where the tear of grief is dry !

- 2 Saviour, help me to sustain it,
Whatsoe'er thy will to me ;
Hold the cup, if I must drain it,
Pleasant then the draught shall be :
Health and cure therein receiving,
Why distrust a Father's care ?
If not faithless, but believing,
Only mercy can be there.

- 3 Blest are they, whom weight of glory
Light affliction thus repays ;
Clearly now they read the story,
Woven in their mortal days,
Dear companions, onward pressing,
Let us trace the glimmering ray,
Till, the free reward possessing,
Sighs and sorrow flee away.

224. *"He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."* C. M.

THERE is a mark I cannot wear
Until my dying day ;
A mark which all thy saints shall bear,
O Lord, and only they.

- 2 He that unto the end endures,
The glorious seal receives ;
And grace this stamp of grace ensures,
The moment he believes ;

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 3 But who the consummation knows,
Save he by whom conferred ?
Slowly the bright assurance grows,
Reflected from the word.
- 4 A patient course of doing right,
Affections fixed above,
Sins overcome in daily fight,
Humility and love ;
- 5 Hourly awaiting fresh supply,
On hourly duty spent ;
Faith, twin with hope, with cheerful eye
On the sure promise bent ;
- 6 Sweet peace of conscience, laid at rest
By trust in him that died,
No name or confidence confessed
But Jesus crucified :
- 7 These are the graces that reveal,
As life in beauty glows,
The deepening print of heaven's seal,
Complete but at its close.

225. " Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had
not died." C. M.

O LORD, hadst thou been here !—but when
Is not the Saviour nigh ?
His power and love were present then,
Though Lazarus needs must die.

- 2 And when the Master seems to stay,
Regardless of our grief,
His tarrying never is delay,
But well-timed, sure relief.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 3 He loves to come when others flee,
Or, coming, cannot aid ;
To save in faith's extremity,
When hope's last glimmerings fade.
- 4 The house of mourning he prefers
With voice of love to cheer ;
And sorrows are the harbingers
That say, The Lord is near.
- 5 Lord, not in sorrow's hour alone,
We ask to feel thy grace ;
The hearts that once thy love have known,
Would be thy dwelling-place.

226. *"The writing of Hezekiah, when he had been sick, and was recovered of his sickness. S. M.*

- THE grave its terrors spread
Before my failing sight ;
A weary couch, a feverish bed,
My change from day to night.
- 2 Sweet scenes I bade farewell,
Earth's ever-lovely dress ;
And hastened, in my thoughts, to dwell
With dust and loneliness.
- 3 So nature inly cried,
Opprest with painful fears :
But oh the goodness that replied,
And stayed my gushing tears !
- 4 Again, with youthful might
My famished limbs are braced ;

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Again my eyes are cheered with light,
Again my food I taste.

5 Its balm my pillow yields,
And sweet my waking thought ;
The Lord it is my life that shields,
And from the pit has brought.

6 While yet my head he lifts,
The boon of life I take,
And soul and body, for his gifts,
A willing tribute make.

7 To him my powers, renewed,
With gathered strength I bring :
My heart, expand with gratitude ;
My lips, make haste to sing !

8 Sustain, my Saviour, thou,
My spirit's deep desire,
Long as I live to keep the vow,
Then, bless thee, and expire.

9 Ten thousand thanks to him
Who e'en the grave can cheer,
And through its shadows, strange and dim,
Make light and life appear.

227. *A penitent's prayer to Christ, in sickness. C. M.*

CLOSE to the rocks, by passion tost,
Nor safer on the sea,
Helpless, and desolate, and lost,
Clings my last hope to thee !

- 2 That hope I dare not now forego ;
 But trembling, trusting, wait,
 Till thou thyself my Saviour show,
 Divinely good and great.
- 3 O haste the guilty to forgive,
 The vile to sanctify,—
 Who dreads unsanctified to live,
 Or unforgiven to die.
- 4 These waves, till lengthened life is o'er,
 To roll in peace command ;
 Or wreck me on heaven's *nearest* shore—
 So I come safe to land.

228.

Fears of death reprov'd.

C. M.

- I STAND upon uncertain ground,
 While darkly yawns the grave ;
 I see death's ensigns gather round,
 I see his banners wave.
- 2 And must the gloomy vale be trod ?
 Has not the work been done ?
 Is death omnipotent as God ?
 Dare he assault *a son* ?
- 3 Alas ! o'er Adam's sinful race,
 He rules on earth as king :
 Christ leaves him power, a little space,
 But robs him of his sting.
- 4 He brings a message from above,
 I may not linger here,
 Message of death, and yet of love,
 Oh wherefore should I fear ?

- 5 How should they fear, who have the Lord
 Their Comforter and Guide?
 Who fight the battle with his word,
 And 'neath his shadow hide?
- 6 How should they fear the frowns of death,
 Strong in their Maker's might,
 Who live by grace a life of faith,
 Till faith is changed to sight?
- 7 O rise above the things of earth,
 Devote to him each breath;
 Partakers of the second birth,
 Dread not the second death.

229. THE AGED SAINTS' FAREWELL.

*"Your eyes have seen all the great acts of the Lord
 which he did, therefore shall ye keep all the command-
 ments."* S. M.

- B**EHOLD, we die! our course
 Comes near to Jordan's brim,
 Though not as Moses' is our 'force,'
 Nor faithful we like him.
- 2 But through a dangerous way,
 As God the Lord hath led,
 Our feet have travelled to this day,
 Nor lacked we strength or bread.
- 3 And now, our sons, to you
 The toil and strife descend;
*But keep yon pillared cloud in view,
 'Twill cheer, direct, defend.*

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Ye know, for ye have seen
 The goodness we have found,
 The gushing rocks, the Elims green,
 The manna heaped around.
- 5 And still from sire to son
 The promised grace endures ;
 This day avouch ye, one by one,
 Your fathers' God for yours.
- 6 Come, ye our children come,
 Our hearts repeat the call ;
 We cannot be content with some,
 Our bosoms yearn for all.
- 7 Then cheerful we'll advance,
 With years and travail bent,
 And leave the good inheritance
 To you, in long descent.
- 8 The God of Israel guide,
 Support, defend, and bless,
 Till, safely home on yonder side,
 Your Canaan ye possess.

230. "*Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and
 afterward receive me to glory.*" L. M.

I HAVE a hope beyond the grave,
Of worth more deep than worlds can tell ;
Possessing this, I all things have,
And calmly smile at death and hell.

- 2 God will for all my wants provide,
 And save me for his mercy's sake ;
 Me by his counsel he will guide,
 And afterwards to glory take.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Whom have I in the heavens but thee?
Eternal Friend, Almighty Sire,
Earth hath no longer charms for me,
Thou art the portion I desire,
- 4 The shades of death fast gather round,
My spirit fails, my day is o'er ;
Yet thou my hope, my strength art found,
And thou my portion evermore.

231. "*We have a building of God, a house not made
with hands, eternal in the heavens.*" C. M.

- HIGH in the heavens a building stands,
For all that love the Lord,
A house not made with mortal hands,
Yet pictured in his word.
- 2 What though this tenement of clay
In ruin soon must lie?
Then shall the spirit wing its way
To mansions in the sky.
- 3 Abram and all the saints of old
Th' eternal city viewed ;
Waiting to walk its streets of gold,
With heaven's bright multitude.
- 4 Awhile we tarry yet behind,
The Saviour's call to hear ;
Safe in the promise, sure as kind,
With him we shall appear.
- 5 What doubt can now our souls molest,
Or why with terror faint?
*We know that there remains a rest
Secure to every saint.*

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

- 6 And though severe the dying pains
That break her mortal ties,
It is but thus the spirit gains
That building in the skies.

232. "*I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.*" 6 lines 8s.

I THIRST, of those far streams to drink,
Those waters of delight, that flow
Where seraphim around the brink
Bend, imaged in the depths below ;
That sea of glass as crystal clear,
And radiant with the glory near.

- 2 How can I bear to wait below,
And think of that fair land above?
To hear those waters' gentle flow,
Far off to see the home I love?
Oh for one moment there to stand,
One glance upon that heavenly land!
- 3 Yet, there are moments when I seem
To view as near the country bright ;
But, like a brief, a glorious dream,
A fleeting vision of the night,
It passes, and I look around
Upon this disenchanted ground.
- 4 And can it even yet be mine!
To call the scenes of heaven my own?
Shall I not in its beauty pine?
Shrink from the splendour of my throne?
Saviour, who won that home for me,
Prepare me for thy heaven and thee.

MY God, beneath thy mercy-seat,
 How bright thy courts appear,
 When on the wings of faith we meet,
 Thy sacred presence here !

- 2 'Tis sweet to sit around thy board,
 And feast on love divine ;
 To look into thy heavenly word,
 Where truth and mercy shine.
- 3 'Tis joy to worship thee below,
 And taste thy pardoning love ;
 But purer bliss our souls shall know
 In brighter courts above.
- 4 How shall we gaze with sweet surprise,
 And rapturous delight,
 When all the glories of the skies
 Burst on our ravished sight !
- 5 Oh to be freed from flesh and sin !
 From this vain world to rise,
 And with immortal powers begin
 The chorus of the skies !—
- 6 To join the everlasting song
 With those around the throne,
 And tell with all the ransomed throng
 Our debt to grace alone !
- 7 Oh blessed hour !—oh happy state !
 Where *all* his beauties shine ;
 With strong desire and hope I wait,
 To rise, and call it mine.

234. “ *Who are these which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ?* ” C. M.

TO that blest world of light and life,
Our thoughts devoutly soar,
Where sights of woe, and sounds of strife,
Are heard and seen no more.

- 2 There God th' invisible is known,
And sheds a joy serene,
Like incense, light, or music's tone,
Diffused, though still unseen.
- 3 There seraphs, radiant, calm, and pure,
Surround our Saviour-king ;
His smiles their endless bliss secure,
His endless praise they sing.
- 4 There ransomed saints, a countless throng,
In vestments white as snow,
Adore his grace in ceaseless song,
And all his glory show.
- 5 There those whom death had severed, meet,
A bright immortal band,
And join again in converse sweet,
For ever in that land.
- 6 Whence came they, that these palms they bear ?
They came through fire and flood ;
The martyr's crown of life they wear,
Their robes were washed in blood.
- 7 They fought the fight, they kept the faith,
They stood the conflict through :
Like them, may we, in life and death,
Be more than conquerors too.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

INFANT BAPTISM.

235.

At the baptism of infants.

S. M

ALAS, the sad bequest
That blights a parent's name !
He folds his offspring to his breast,
And taints it with his shame.

2 But as in Adam's bower
The fatal bond was tied,
The Second Adam comes with power
To roll the curse aside.

3 Around his mercy's throne,
In many a radiant ring,
Millions of infant spirits own
The grace of Christ their King.

4 From earth's pollutions free,
An early heaven they found,
And now with praise eternally
Th' eternal throne surround.

5 Thus, should our babe be torn
From love's too fond caress,
By willing angels be it borne
To heavenly blessedness.

6 Or if the precious trust
Allowed on earth to rear,
Among the spirits of the just
May we with it appear.

236.

Baptismal dedication.

C. M.

THE universal Father, thou
A parent's heart hast given ;
The joys and hopes we cherish now,
Have all their springs in heaven.

- 2 And fitly to a parent's need
The scheme of grace is planned,
It smiles upon him in his seed,
And takes it at his hand.
- 3 For the same want a father feels,
The infant finds supply ;
And purifying water seals
The promise from on high.
- 4 In humble faith, with grateful love,
The proffered boon we claim ;
And pray thee in thy courts above
To write this * infant's name.

237.

Another, on the same subject.

L. M.

THOU God of love, whose covenant grace
Could Abraham and his seed renew,
Clasping in mercy's wide embrace
The patriarch and his offspring too ;

- 2 We hail the pledge of ancient date,
And plead for Abraham's blessing now ;
See, in thine holy courts we wait,
Parents, we bring our seed and bow.

* Or—each infant's name.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 By sin we 're vile in every part ;
Yet mercy separates and approves ;
Heaven loves the men of contrite heart,
And Heaven their infant offspring loves.
- 4 Lo ! in a stream the watery flood
Pours o'er the babes, a type from heaven :
So sprinkled be a Saviour's blood,
So may the Spirit's grace be given.
- 5 To God the Father, we baptize,
The Holy Spirit, and the Son :
Now send a blessing from the skies,
And sanctify each little one.

238. *A parental prayer at the baptism of an infant.*
S. M.

- FATHER, our child we place
Where we, thy children, kneel ;
Make, in due time, the sign of grace
To it, to us, the seal.
- 2 Thy gift, a moment, claim ;
Then lend it to our love,
Marked as thine own, and bid the name
Be registered above.
- 3 Rites cannot change the heart,
Undo the evil done,
Or, with the uttered Name, impart
The nature, of thy Son.
- 4 To meet our desperate want,
There gushed a mystic flood ;
Oh ! from His heart's o'erflowing font
Baptize this soul with blood.

ADULT BAPTISM.

- 5 Be grace from Christ our Lord,
And love from God supreme,
By the communing Spirit poured
In a perpetual stream.
- 6 So cleanse our offering ;
Then will we, at thy call,
This pledge accepted, daily bring
Ourselves, our souls, our all.

ADULT BAPTISM.

239. "*Go ye, and disciple all nations, baptizing them
in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and
of the Holy Ghost.*" L. M.

GREAT Triune God ; thy servants own !
And, while they make thy nature known,
Let them thy promised presence find,
Sent to disciple all mankind.

- 2 With signs their high commission seal ;
In every ordinance reveal
Thyself, and shed thy love abroad,
And fill our waiting souls with God.
- 3 Adopted by the Father's grace,
Holy to stand before his face,—
May they throughout their lives proclaim,
And bear, the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 Partakers of his nature pure,
His church,—they labour and endure ;
His host,—they see the glittering prize,
And fight their passage to the skies !

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

240. *For communicants, the congregation being about to depart.* C. M.

FATHER, we thank thee, while we stay
This bread of life to eat,
That we no longer move away,
And leave a vacant seat,—

2 Thank thee if, thoughtless once,—we heard
The gospel's gracious call,
And trusted to the faithful word
Our hopes, our souls, our all.

3 But oh the living, dying throng,
As our own spirits dear,
Who self-excluded pass along
Unfed, from year to year.

4 Hear, Lord, thy church's suppliant cry,
Affection's ceaseless prayer ;
Say, Sovereign, Wherefore will ye die ?
Here 's bread, and bread to spare.

5 Speak as a King, a King with power
Hearts sweetly to constrain :
Be this the soft repenting hour,
Repented ne'er again.

6 Turn, turn them, gracious Lord, as we
Were by thy Spirit led,
Till, one united family,
We meet in Christ the Head.

7 Till he the assembled church present
Before his Father's throne,
Spotless, and every lineament
All glorious as his own.

241. *The night of the institution of the Lord's supper.*
L. M.

SUN, that didst cast thy bending light
On the guest-chamber's simple board,
Thou saw'st the ordering of that rite
Which realized the bleeding Lord ;—

2 Moon, that didst rise full-horned, and spread
Thy gentle, melancholy beam,
Over the Saviour's prostrate head,
In agony by Kedron's stream ;—

3 Stars, that did herald in, or mark,
The night when Jesus was betrayed ;—
This feast ends not till ye are dark,
And all your glorious courses stayed.

4 For from that night, successive bands
Have kept this banquet of the cross,
Saint, pilgrim, martyr, of all lands,
And counted earthly portions loss.

5 And here we still forget our woes,
Midst what long ages saw bequeathed ;
The bread is life, the cup o'erflows,
As when the blessing first was breathed.

6 When we rise up and leave our seat
Millions shall press and fill our place ;
Still shall the poor and needy eat,
And sing, like us, the Founder's grace.

7 Night saw this earliest festival ;
Since, eighteen centuries sped their flight :
The church shall crowd the banquet hall,
Till day's last shade, and *nature's* night.

242. "*Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.*" L. M.

THUS saith the promise of the Lord
To such as tremble at his word,—
I send my Son to lead to heaven,
Through him eternal life is given.

2 No duty, knowledge, symbol, gives
The hope by which a sinner lives ;
'Tis living faith on Christ must feed,
And find him meat and drink indeed.

3 Thus spreads the vivifying power
Through dying souls, that very hour :
Nor shall its vital influence cease,
But in eternal life and peace.

243. "*The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread.*" L. M.

HE knew himself by man betrayed ;
Yet blessed for man the mystic bread ;—
Then died devoted, in the place
Of all the traitor's guilty race.

2 Our sins betrayed the Lord to death ;
He brands them not with dying breath,
Nor saith to us, ' Remember *them*,
But Me, who save when all condemn.'

3 Oh ! strange requital of our crime,
Sin's soft reproof, love's art sublime !
E'en me these dear memorials move
To die to sin, and live for Love.

244.

For the sacrament.

7. 6.

THIS solemn exhibition
 Of Jesus on the tree,
 With tears of true contrition,
 With broken hearts, we see :
 We see him bleed and languish
 Beneath the wrath divine,
 My Lord, was ever anguish,
 Was ever love like thine ?

- 2 Who would not share the blessing
 Of that atoning pain ?
 Or own that, Christ possessing,
 All earthly loss were gain ?
 Now on his cross relying,
 We feel his sorrows past,
 And bear about his dying,
 Till nature breathes her last.

245.

Sacrament.

P. M.

- ON him we have nailed to the tree,
 We look, and in bitterness mourn :—
 The wounds were inflicted by me,
 By me was he mangled and torn ;
- 2 I platted the thorns on his head,
 I pierced his hands and his side :
 But the blood an atonement hath made,
 And the Lamb for his murderers died.
- 3 To the Father of mercies we show
 The death of his innocent Son ;
 And what we exhibit below,
 With incense he bears to the throne.

- 4 The Father our Advocate hears,
The Saviour his blessing imparts,
Our sorrow the Comforter cheers
With pardon inscribed on our hearts.

246. *Before the administration.* L. M.

THE bread is *broken*—type of Him,
Torn on the cross each sacred limb,
Whose spirit, when he undertook
Our ransom, broke at God's rebuke.

- 2 The wine is *poured*—oh could not He,—
His heart the fount of charity,
By living pulses speak its worth,
But it must pour its fulness forth !
- 3 No, dying Lord ! that torturing death
Told more than life's benigntest breath ;
Thou lovedst us of old—but *how*,
Was never known till *then*, till now !

247. *The form of administration paraphrased.* C. M. double.

THE flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Which once was given for me,
Preserve my body and my soul
To immortality !
This eating—that for me he died,
I solemnly confess ;
And feed on him within my heart
By faith, with thankfulness.

- 2 The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Which once was shed for me,
Preserve my body and my soul
To immortality.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

*This drinking—for my sins, I own,
His very blood was shed ;
And still with new thanksgivings wreath
The Victim's hallowed head !*

248.

During the celebration.

C. M.

SWEET are the hours, and brief as bright,
Saviour, I spend with thee ;
But, oh ! the hours seem infinite,
When thou art far from me.

- 2 Be all in this short hour expressed
I here may know of love ;
That drop vouchsafed, I wait the rest
Till at the fount above.

249.

Another.

C. M.

SAVIOUR ! I weep thy grief to feel,
And wait thy smile to see :
Condemned I am, yet my appeal
Is to thy *death* for me.

- 2 Nor would I only fix my sight
On the accursed tree,
My burdened spirit would delight
In him who *lives* for me.

250.

Self-dedication at the sacrament.

L. M.

YEA and amen ; with my whole heart,
Lord, I devote myself anew ;
Willing with all for thee to part,
Hoping to be for ever true.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Thy worthy name would I confess,
 Whate'er a scoffing world may say;
And trust thy covenant faithfulness
 To own me in the last great day.

251. *At the close of the sacrament.* C. M.

- UP, ye blood-purchased heirs, arise!
 In holy triumph shout;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
 No more your title doubt.
- 2 Now is the mystery of love,
 In holy, calm delights,
Completed here, and sealed above,
 With heaven's most solemn rites.
- 3 Here may we oft, though parting now,
 In welcome duty meet;
Till in his upper courts we bow,
 Crowned, at the Saviour's feet.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

252. "*One faith, one Lord, one baptism.*" 148th.

- ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above—
Zion, one faith is thine,
 One only watchword—love.
From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.
- 2 Our Sacrifice is one;
 One Priest before the throne—
The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone!

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Oh, why should they who love
One gospel to unfold,
Who seek one home above,
On earth be strange and cold?—
Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace,
In strife abide, and bitterness?

4 Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and his last,
His constant, latest care,
Ere to his throne he passed,—
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, his people's stain!

5 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic,—the true,—
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

253. *Admission to the Church, and to Mystical Institutions, contrasted.* L. M.

DEAR friends, initiated come,
Enlarging our fraternal band;
A band of pilgrims journeying home,
Anxious to reach their father-land.

2 Our rites are simple as our creed,
Our faith—the sacred Three in One;
The Father gave his Son to bleed,—
His Spirit to reveal the Son.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 The cross—our sign, our only sign ;
Our oath—the sacramental vow ;
Our fear—lest we from Christ decline ;
Our joy—He reigns in glory now.
- 4 To secrecy we never bind,
But bid you publish loud and far,
By lips and life, to all mankind,
Him whom we love, and whose we are.
- 5 Enter, and from this happy time,
Worthy your heavenly calling prove,
Till, summoned to a purer clime,
Ye join the purer band above.

254.

Admission of members.

C. M.

- B**RETHREN in Christ ! no longer wait
Where reign the world and sin ;
With joy we see your altered state,
And bid you enter in.
- 2 Worshippers of the outer court !
Self-pledged, advance within ;
We mark your lives of good report,
And bid you enter in.
- 3 We gladly give the manual sign—
The hand of christian kin,
In token of the hand divine
That bids you enter in.
- 4 With singing, not with senseless shout,
The maddened reveller's din,—
Leaving the noisy world without,
We bid you enter in.

- 5 The heavenly race, for heaven the prize,
 Ye from this hour begin,
 Till Christ the Lord, before all eyes,
 Shall bid you enter in.

255.

The communion of saints.

6 lines 8s.

- HOW calm and solemn was the hour,
 When Jesus met his favoured few,
 Ere he had vanquished Satan's power,
 But with the conflict full in view,
 In which alone and firm he stood,
 And paid our ransom with his blood !
- 2 And sweet it is with one accord
 Around his table still to meet ;
 To hold communion with the Lord,
 And sit like Mary at his feet ;
 As the sure earnest of that day,
 When God shall wipe each tear away.
- 3 When sin is mourned with inward smart,
 Our faith receives a pardon sealed ;
 And each repenting, broken heart
 Is by the blood of Jesus healed ;
 Our fainting souls their strength renew,
 While thus the cross is kept in view.
- 4 One hallowed bond each heart unites,
 The bond of free forgiving love ;
 And hope with cheerful voice invites
 To that eternal home above,
 Where we shall worship face to face,
 And need no more these means of grace.

256.

The church in the house.

L. M.

- A CHURCH and family in one!
 Ah say, what more can heaven be?
 Jesus, thou art the Corner-stone
 That binds this blessed unity.
- 2 Oh be this family thy church,
 To all its members be the Head;
 Try us—thou knowest all,—and search,
 Lest named to live, we still be dead.
- 3 Relations such as these enhance
 Each other, till, like things above,
 Life is a holy ordinance;
 Our board a sacrament of love.
- 4 Baptize this household with thy grace,
 Its banquet spread with heavenly food;
 As in a temple show thy face,
 And be thy visits oft renewed.
- 5 Church! in the midst of thee we'll sing,
 And thee, our home, will sanctify;
 At once to hearth and altar cling,
 Till both we leave for worlds on high.
- 6 Church of the firstborn writ in heaven,
 Ye with your Lord are now at home;
 To you is the fulfilment given,
 Ours is the pledge,—to you we come.

257.

Separation and reunion.

C. M.

A BSENT awhile—again to greet,
 Fulfils our heart's desires,
 In christian fellowship to meet,
 A holy joy inspires.

THE MARRIAGE UNION.

- 2 Absent awhile—but not in heart ;
Reciprocal our cares ;
Our spirits distance cannot part,
Still present in our prayers.
- 3 Absent awhile—oh may we feel
Our hearts within us burn ;
And purer love, and livelier zeal,
Distinguish our return.
- 4 Absent awhile—removed by death
Soon friend from friend shall rise ;
And the now distant views of faith
Become realities.
- 5 Absent awhile—to be restored
Where parting is not known ;
With angels stand before the Lord—
For ever round the throne.

THE MARRIAGE UNION.

258. *To be sung at a marriage ceremony.* L. M.

BLEST spirits in the world of light,
With seraph fire and angel might,
Cry ' Holy, holy, thou Most High !'
And taste new raptures as they cry.

- 2 So, Lord of light and love, we raise
Our song, and mingle awe with praise :
So, lift our gladdened hearts to thee,
That all our joy may holy be.
- 3 Sustainer thou of life and love,
Thrice happy may this union prove,
By mutual troth—by lives thine own—
By hearts in all good purpose one.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 So shall it truly emblem be
Of love between thy church and thee ;
And so thy praise shall be exprest,
By each true heart, each hallowed breast.

259.

A wedding hymn.

C. M.

GOD of each tender joy and care
That cleaves to wedded life,
That blessed the first created pair,
The husband and the wife :

- 2 On earth thy presence graced the board
When wedded joys were new ;
Still to domestic scenes afford
Thy care and presence too.
- 3 Let hearts in mutual bands entwined,
In holy union rise,
And every joy that cheers the mind,
Exalt it to the skies.
- 4 Thus may our friends, as years increase,
'Mid kindest duties stand ;
Long live in love, and die in peace,
And meet at thy right hand.

260.

A bridal hymn.

L. M.

GUIDE of our youth, and Lord of all,
O grant that this uniting band
May free still more from Satan's thrall
The pledged ones who before thee stand.

- 2 That more to thee their thoughts may tend ;
And while on earth they live in love,
May love from earth and self ascend
To thee, its fountain-source above.

THE MARRIAGE UNION.

- 3 Let all afflictions, Lord, endear
Each more unto the other's heart ;
And every sigh and every tear
Awake a true congenial smart.
- 4 May each the other's burden bear,
May each the other's bliss enjoy,
Nor sickness, penury, nor care,
Their unity of heart destroy.
- 5 So let the bonds of love and truth
Unite their plighted souls in one,
That ties commenced in happy youth,
Nor life nor death may see undone.

261.

A marriage hymn.

C. M.

- TO thee, O Lord our God, we now
Our fervent prayers address,
And beg thou wouldst the plighted vow
With sovereign favour bless.
- 2 Thy blessing, Lord, is all we ask,
Thy blessing all they need ;
Thy smile makes light the heaviest task,
Thy love is bliss indeed.
 - 3 This grant them, then, and if thy will
Should earthly joys refuse,
Let them possess thy favour still,
Though all things else they lose.

MINISTERS AND DEACONS.

262.

A prayer for ministers before preaching. 7s.

HAPPY we! devoutly found
Waiting for the joyful sound ;
Spirit of our present Lord,
Utter in our hearts his word.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Minister of God on high,
Speak by mortal ministry ;
Let the lips, that framed our prayer,
Answers of acceptance bear.
- 3 Then thy servant's witness be,
Witnessing, O Christ, for thee ;
Then the grace effectual give,
Make us hear, and hearing live.

263. *Ministerial unfaithfulness.* S. M.

- WHEN ministers betray
The cause they should defend,
The blinded people lose their way—
And what shall be the end ?
- 2 Oh ! what may countervail
The ruin thus induced,
When the last dreadful storms assail,
Upon creation loosed ?
- 3 The worth of but one soul !—
It is a countless sum :
Who then can calculate the whole
Exposed to wrath to come ?
- 4 For He, whose piercing eyes
Are as a flame of fire,
His faithless churches purifies,
Or burns them in his ire.

264. *Ministerial tenderness.* C. M. double.

THEY must not strive, who serve the Lord,
And his salvation preach ;
But speak with gentleness his word,
Patient, and apt to teach :

MINISTERS AND DEACONS.

In wisdom meek, instructing those
The truth who disobey ;
So some may melt who now oppose,
And yield to what they say.

- 2 So peradventure God may give
Repentance, ere too late,
Bid Satan's willing captives live,
Raised from their lost estate.
O Lord, thy word effectual make,
The rebel heart to win,
Its former bondage to forsake,
No more the slave of sin.

265. *At the settlement of a minister.* L. M.

THOU who hast kindled in the sky
Ten thousand glories, bright and high,
Of varied lustre, station, size,
So as was pleasing in thine eyes ;

- 2 We give thee thanks, that thus below
As shining lights thy servants glow ;
And each thy guiding hand obeys,
What sphere t' enlighten with his rays.
- 3 On him whom now, in faith and prayer,
Up to the mercy-seat we bear,
Thy Spirit's full abundance shed,
Like fragrant oil on Aaron's head.
- 4 Great Shepherd, thou our pastor lead,
Instruct him how thy flock to feed,
And his own soul with grace provide,
As from an ever-flowing tide.

- 5 Forth in his Master's work to go,
Zeal, patience, courage, skill, bestow ;
With wisdom guide, with comfort bless,
Alike in sadness and success.
- 6 May mutual aids our bonds endear ;
No root of bitterness be here ;
But while his spirit's strength we share,
May we, in love, its wastes repair.
- 7 That so, when days their course have run,
Probation closed, and duty done,
We, a large family, may stand
His joy and crown at thy right hand.

266. *Prayer for a minister at his ordination. C. M.*

- L ORD, thine appointed servant bless,
That he may faithful be,
Thy truth upon the conscience press,
And sinners win to thee.
- 2 True to his ministerial call,
May he thy charge obey :
Nor let him into error fall,
Nor prove a cast-away.
- 3 But, from the blood of all men pure,
In ministry unblamed,
Oh may he to the end endure,
A workman not ashamed.
- 4 Patient, successful, diligent,
And able in thy word,
May it appear that he is sent
By thine own Spirit, Lord.

MINISTERS AND DEACONS.

- 5 Grant him, O God, increasing force
In his divine employ,
With ardent zeal to run his course,
And finish it with joy.

267.

Charge to ministers.

8. 7.

SON of man, behold, I set thee
As a watchman, saith the Lord ;
Suffer not thy fears to *let* thee,
Charged with my most awful word :
Give the careless sinner warning,
That his danger he may see ;
Lest, if he should perish scorning,
I require his blood of thee.

- 2 But if faithfully applying
All the counsel of my word,
On his head, in sin though dying,
Be the guilt he hath incurred :
Surely, too, if he shall hear thee,
I will make the sinner whole ;
But if not, no ill is near thee,
Thou delivered hast thy soul.

268.

The duties of deacons.

L. M.

THEY who, for faithfulness approved,
Bear office in the church of God,
With the first deacons' spirit moved,
Will aim to tread the path they trod.

- 2 To serve the table of the Lord,
Provide a portion for the poor,
And to the preachers of the word
Their rightful maintenance ensure.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 To mitigate the pastor's care,
To aid him in his great design,
His labours and his sufferings share,
In carrying on the work divine :
- 4 To bind the bands of sweet accord,
The causes of disunion search,
Bespeak a servant of the Lord,
Befit a servant of the church.
- 5 Spirit of peace, and truth, and grace,
Still shed thy holy influence down ;
Such men of God among us raise,
And with success their service crown

269. *Prayer at the designation of deacons.* C. M.

- O JESUS, in this solemn hour
Be with thy people here ;
Let thine authority and power
To rule thy church appear.
- 2 As Master, Lawgiver, and Head,
Thee only we confess ;
Upon us now thy Spirit shed,
To sanctify and bless.
 - 3 Oh may the choice which we have made,
By thee be ratified ;
Thy servants' fitness be displayed
As they are further tried.
 - 4 With faithfulness may they fulfil
The office in their hands ;
And seek to know and do thy will,
In all that will demands.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

- 5 Honour and usefulness bestow,
Wisdom and grace impart ;
That they may serve thy church below,
And cheer the pastor's heart.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

270.

God blessing his worshippers.

L. M.

BLESS the provisions of this house,
O Lord, and fill thy poor with bread ;
Here, while the living pay their vows,
May power divine awake the dead.

- 2 Here, when the burdened conscience groans
Beneath its mountain-weight of sin,
May he whose sprinkled blood atones,
Speak peace and heavenly hope within.
- 3 Here may the Spirit's quickening power
From guilty souls the darkness chase ;
And multitudes record the hour
Of their new birth to righteousness.
- 4 When sorrowing hearts meet here to mourn
O'er cherished ties asunder riven,
Still in that hour bereft, forlorn,
May faith communion hold with heaven.
- 5 And when the words of sacred truth
Fall sweet on children's listening ears,
May they remember God in youth,
And yield to him their vernal years.
- 6 May the tired pilgrim, vexed with care,
Hither in faith resorting, find
Balm in the fellowship of prayer,
Rest to his worn and weary mind,

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 7 Thus while we raise our hearts to thee,
Such answers to our prayers be given,
That all may find this place to be
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

271.

The new Jerusalem.

L. M.

- WHEN to the exiled seer was given
A rapturous foregaze into heaven,
All glorious though the visions were,
Yet he beheld no temple there.
- 2 The new Jerusalem on high
Hath one pervading sanctity :
No sin to mourn, no grief to mar,
God and the Lamb its temple are.
- 3 But we frail sojourners below,
The pilgrim-heirs of guilt and woe,
Must seek a tabernacle where
Our scattered souls may blend in prayer.
- 4 We praise the Lord, who deigns to bless
His chosen in the wilderness ;
And in unfailing love imparts
The hidden manna to their hearts.
- 5 O Thou, who o'er the cherubim
Didst shine in glories veiled and dim,
With purer light our temple cheer,
And dwell in unveiled glory here.
- 6 Risen, enthroned, and pleading Priest !
On us, the lowliest and the least,
Thy choicest blessing now confer,
The Paraclete, the Comforter.

GOD of thine Israel true,
 Their pillar, shield, and rock ;
 Who, all the desert through,
 Didst lead them like a flock ;
 In this our sanctuary dwell,
 Thou glorious, felt, Invisible !

2 No gorgeous rites we use,
 No mystic words employ ;
 Our simple forms refuse
 Such aids to sacred joy :
 Jehovah we adore alone,
 Through Christ the manifested Son.

3 Be present with us, Lord,
 And to our waiting heart,
 According to thy word,
 A blessing now impart ;
 Rebuke our fears, our joys enhance,
 And lift on us thy countenance.

4 That holy peace shed down,
 The world can never give ;
 Thy truth with triumph crown ;
 Command the dead to live ;
 And fill this consecrated place
 With living trophies of thy grace.

5 Great Shepherd of thy flock,
 Our glorious Leader be,
 Our pillar, shield, and rock,
 Till the fair land we see :
 Ruler of heaven's eternal sphere,
 Be thou the guardian glory here.

273. *The house of God a house of praise.* 6 lines 7s.

GLORIOUS Ruler, King divine !

All creation is thy shrine ;
Earth and heaven are full of thee,
Time and immortality.

Help thy servants, Lord, to bring
Tribute meet for such a King.

2 Every living thing doth raise,
Blind or consciously, thy praise :
Hell beneath, and heaven above,
Own thy power, or feel thy love.
We thine earthly courts who throng
Join the universal song.

3 Hell no ransom hath obtained,
Heaven by guilt is all unstained ;
Man alone, the fallen child,
Knoweth justice reconciled :
For the guilty, the undone,
Thou didst give thine only Son.

4 And shall *we* refuse to sing,
Fruit of Christ's own ransoming ?
We, on whose mysterious state
When th' unfallen meditate,
Praises new their harps employ,
Wonder aids angelic joy !

5 Lord of hosts, and God of grace !
Bending in this holy place,
Pardoned, purified, may we
Mingle holy melody :
From this temple may it rise,
Incense-like, to purer skies.

274. *At the laying of the foundation-stone of a new place of worship.* L. M.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
 Inhabiting eternity,
 'Earth is my footstool, heaven my throne,
 What temple will ye build for me?'

- 2 Wilt thou, Almighty, condescend
 Thine ear with mortal songs to please?
 Self-pledged art thou, O Lord, to bend,
 And dwell in temples such as these.
- 3 Yes, mortals, bound by time and space,
 May plead thy faithful promise, Lord,
 To bless and hallow every place,
 Where thou and they thy name record.
- 4 Here, then, where none hath stood before
 To thee a house of prayer we build;
 May it, till seasons change no more,
 Be with thy grace and glory filled.
- 5 From age to age the gospel here
 Its life, its health, its power impart,
 Be preached to every listening ear,
 And felt in every faithful heart.
- 6 So in the heavenly church above,
 When saints their course on earth review,
 May thousands tell, with joy and love,
 That here their souls were born anew.

275. *For the opening of a chapel.* L. M

NOT for ourselves alone we build,
 Not for these days a temple rear;
 Be, O our God, thy word fulfilled,
 And gather in thy chosen here.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Beneath the stone or turf when we
Shall lie, with all we love, at rest,
May generations rise to see
The children, for the fathers blest.
- 3 We bear them on a thousand prayers ;
For races yet unborn we plead ;
Jesus, our children bless, and theirs ;
Us, and, till time shall end, our seed.
- 4 See, undeformed by princely aid,
Cut without hands, the mountain rise,
On adamantine counsels laid,
To fill the earth, and reach the skies.
- 5 Come, saints, the morning-star behold,
The dawn of that millennial day !
Here raise your hopes, devote your gold,
Sustain your faith, work, watch, and pray !

276.

The Sanctuary.

C. M.

THERE is a place where saints may greet,
And joyous anthems raise ;
A place where sinners too may meet,
And weep while others praise.

- 2 There is a place where all may hear
What their Creator saith ;
And where the guilty child of fear
May turn that fear to faith.
- 3 There is a spot where all may rest,
And leave their woes behind :
There is a Friend, of friends the best ;
Here all that Friend may find.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

- 4 'Tis here that Jesus wills to call
The weary wanderers home,
The home for saints and sinners all—
Where sinners saints become.
- 5 Here streams of life eternal flow
From one exhaustless well :
They only to that fount who go,
Can of its waters tell,
- 6 Here that rich plant of Eden grows,
Whose fruit is Heaven's own love ;
And he who here the blossom knows
Shall taste the fruit above.
- 7 Here is a word of life for all
Who will not turn away :
Oh ! listen to your Saviour's call,
And answer while you may !

277. *Prayer at the dedication of a place of worship.*
148th.

- K**ING of high heaven, whose will
The universe obeys ;
Who condescendest still
To ponder human ways ;
And e'en to rebels bringest nigh
The sceptre of thy clemency ;—
- 2 Behold a brother-band,
Once recreant from thy sway,
Who in thy presence stand,
And willing service pay ;
Thy grace, we trust, the thought instilled,
An earthly house for God to build.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 And lo ! the walls arise,
The work this day we crown ;
Now pour from upper skies
The streams of favour down :
Why wait the angels but to bear
A blessing down to faith and prayer ?
- 4 Perform thy wonders here,
Thy promises fulfil ;
In pomp of love appear,
As erst on Zion's hill ;
And with thy glory's brighter cloud
Shelter and bless the gathered crowd.
- 5 Here, ever, be the cross
Watchword and banner found ;
All hope beside as dross,
No other gospel sound ;
No garments hence to sinners given,
Save the white wedding robe of heaven.
- 6 From formal, dull decline,
From schism's destructive root,
From error serpentine,
From foliage void of fruit ;
From all that from the truth would swerve,
Head of the church, this church preserve.
- 7 Its pastors arm with power
As princes to prevail,
In Satan's rampant hour
To make the dragon quail :
Thy tribes to lead, for glory bound ;
In word and work still foremost found.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

- 8 Give to their people light
In a dark world to shine ;
May all who mark the sight,
Confess that such are thine ;
Naming thy name, we ask thy seal,
Love, meekness, purity, and zeal.
- 9 Father of earth and heaven,
And thou the Son most high,
Spirit of promise, given
To cheer and sanctify ;
God of the Scriptures, Three in One !
Accept the work our hands have done.

278.

The spiritual temple.

C. M.

THERE is a temple little known
To man's unheeding eye,
Based like the everlasting throne
Of Majesty on high.

- 2 'Twas founded ere the days of old,
Ere time revealed his woes,
And onward as the ages rolled,
The mighty fabric rose.
- 3 Still the great Holy One shall raise
The pillars of its dome,
And there, in sanctity of praise,
The Lord shall fix his home.
- 4 We, King Messiah ! when our eyes
The topmost stone shall see,
Will mingle in the shouts that rise
Of ' grace, all grace,' to thee.

279. *God's condescension to the worship of earth.*
L. M.

O H! not to mortal gaze is given,
Thy throne, most Holy One, to see;
Uncanopied by highest heaven
Thy boundless Majesty must be.

2 Far, far beyond the beams that blaze
Upon the rapt archangel's sight,
Eternity's unmeasured rays
Compose thy dwelling-place of light!

3 Yet down to man thy pity bows,
In tentless wild, or temple-throng;
Where sorrow pours her lonely vows,
Or rapture rolls the voice of song.

4 Then let the altar of our praise
The footstool of thy mercy be;
While earth a suppliant sound shall raise,
That breathes Messiah's name to thee.

280. ABSENCE FROM THE HOUSE OF GOD
LAMENTED.

*"Yet will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and
of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar."* 8. 8. 6.

A S the chased hart, by foes beset,
Pants for the cooling rivulet,
And longs the stream to see;
So thirsts my soul to find the road,
That leads, O Lord, to thine abode,
So pants my soul for thee.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

- 2 By day, my hopes to thee aspire ;
By night, my oft-renewed desire
For mercy shall ascend :
When shall I prove thy pardoning grace ?
When shall I see my Saviour's face,
And find my God my Friend ?
- 3 Those seasons were with joy replete,
When with the faithful I could meet,
And tuneful anthems raise :
Renew, great God, the favoured hours,
Then, on the harp, with all my powers
Will I renew thy praise.
- 4 These blest memorials of thy love,
Still bear my trembling soul above
The ills that me befall ;
Though billows upon billows roll,
Though roaring waves spurn all control,
And deep to deep doth call ;—
- 5 Yet will the Lord his love command,
By day sustain me with his hand,
By night accept my song ;
His grace shall set my spirit free,
My God will prove a God to me,
Whilst I his praise prolong.

281. *On returning to a place of worship after its temporary close.* L. M.

LET every soul unite to sing ;
Come, praise the Lord with cheerful voice ;
We bless the great, th' eternal King,
And in his holy name rejoice.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Still his kind providence appears,
Us as his people yet to own :
The God who blessed in former years,
Now pours his richest mercies down.
- 3 While thus we sit and sing thy grace,
Assembling in thy holy house,
To Thee we dedicate the place,
Our souls, our services, our vows.
- 4 We plead thy promise, till we see
Our vine takes root, our fig-tree thrives ;
Then yield our grateful fruits to thee,
In vigorous faith, and holy lives.
- 5 In vain we look around and view
With joy these outward blessings given ;
Unless thy grace our hearts renew,
And form and fit our souls for heaven.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

282. *Sabbath instruction and works of necessity and
mercy justified.* L. M.

WHO best the sabbath's work fulfil,
The men who save the soul, or kill ?
Who lawfully its hours employ,
They who deliver, or destroy ?

- 2 'Tis Jesus asks, and by his deed
Directs us how we should proceed ;
The mind and body both he heals,
And thus the sabbath's duty seals.

- 3 Works of necessity and love,
The sabbath's Lord doth still approve ;
And largely they his favours share,
Who make the wants of man their care.

283. *Hymn for Sunday-school children.* 7s.

- L**ORD, for all thy word's pure light,
We would learn thy name to bless ;
If untaught, in nature's night
We were lost, and fatherless.
- 2 But thy Son, thy Truth, thy Love,
(Who can all his name express ?)
Came to seek us from above,
And we are not fatherless.
- 3 Us, his lambs, that Shepherd sought
In the world's rude wilderness ;
By his death our life he bought,
And redeemed the fatherless.
- 4 If through him, thy Holy Child,
We with humble prayer address
Thee, our Parent reconciled,
Ne'er can we be fatherless.
- 5 Save us, Father, from all ill,
With all grace our souls impress,
Give the meek and child-like will,
For we are not fatherless.
- 6 When our earthly parents die,
Though we feel the keen distress,
If thou guide us with thine eye,
We shall not seem fatherless.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 7 Give to them and us to see
All thy heaven of holiness;
Gazing with thy saints on thee,
None shall there be fatherless.

284. *For the children, at the commencement of a service
for sabbath schools.* C. M.

- IF God is great, why do we not
His power and anger dread?
If once his anger waxeth hot,
It strikes the sinner dead!
- 2 So, ancient rebels fled in vain
Before the whelming waves;
And so, the cities of the plain
Sunk down in fiery graves!
- 3 He spareth not the great and high,
The little and the low;
But those who pass his mercy by,
One day, his power shall know.
- 4 One day, a wider flood shall spread,
And hotter vengeance fall;
When earth and sea give up their dead
At the last trumpet's call.
- 5 Not one, amongst the numbers here,
Shall then escape unknown;
Each heart as open will appear
As if it stood alone.
- 6 Oh how could we the terrors meet
Of that tremendous day!
Lord, bring us to thy mercy-seat,
And drive our fears away.

285. *For the children, at the close of a sabbath-school service.* C. M.

YES, God is good as well as great,
Or where could sinners fly?
He saw from heaven our lost estate,
And says, 'Why will ye die?'

- 2 His heart with pity overflows,
As tender fathers feel;
To old and young the gospel goes,
The wounds of sin to heal.
- 3 Long time with us his grace hath borne,
Long time doth mercy plead;
Let us at once our follies mourn,
And tell him what we need.
- 4 Young though we are, our sins might well
Have made his judgments fall;
But still, with love unspeakable,
He spares, and spares us all.
- 5 Another year, and He who came
For old and young to die,
Perhaps, may single out my name,
And longer space deny!
- 6 O let me not, with anguish, then
Wish back this happy day;
And seek in vain for mercy, when
My time has passed away.

286. *For the friends and teachers of sabbath schools.* 8 lines 8s.

HOW sweet is the fragrance of flowers
That bloom at the dawning of day!
Refreshed with heaven's kindest showers,
How healthy and beautiful they!

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- Thus lovely and soothing the sight,
More lovely than nature supplies,
Are those who at earliest light
Expand their young hearts to the skies.
- 2 A tribute acceptable, paid
Yet green, in the season of prime,
Ere noon hath its ravages made,
And verdure is sullied by time;
Collect for thine altars, O Lord,
A wreath from our garden below;
Nay, send thy refreshings abroad,
That all the plantation may grow.
- 3 O suffer not one to remain,
Beside living waters, unfed,
But give thou the plentiful rain,
The sun of thine influence shed:
So, comely as willows that bend
Where streamlets and fountains abound,
Be these, the young plants that we tend,
With blossoms and fruitfulness crowned.
- 4 From earth's open wastes 'tis our aim
That they to thy church may be brought;
We pray for them singly by name,
The teacher for each he has taught:
Impressed by thy terrors, may all
To Jesus our advocate flee;
And won by thy merciful call,
Now yield their affections to thee.

287. *On the death of a sabbath-school teacher, or of a
Christian eminent for activity and usefulness.*
8 lines 8a.

THE saints who have taken their flight,
Gone up to the mansions above,

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Who was it from darkness to light
That called them to rest in his love ?
Who broke the dominion of sin
Which once from the heart they obeyed,
And so the good work did begin,
That now the topstone has been laid ?

- 2 Who gave from his fulness to them,
Of grace such abundant supply ?
Who was it that polished the gem,
Once rough in the quarry as I ?
' Not, not unto us,' would they say,
' To thee, our Redeemer, we owe
' The light, less or more, of the ray,
' That shone from our labours below.'
- 3 Then why in our weakness repine ?
Why yield to a guilty despair ?
If, Saviour, the treasure is thine,
The key to thy treasures is prayer.
Strong, strong in thy might would we stand,
Baptized by thy grace for the dead,
And plighted in heart and in hand
To labour and live in their stead.
- 4 With holy solicitude now
We hasten their toils to renew :
Bereaved, not forsaken, we bow ;
Lord, what wouldst thou have us to do ?
Thy lambs wilt thou trust us to feed ?
Then do not thy presence withhold,
But cheer us as on we proceed,
Till all shall be safe in thy fold.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

288.

Pleading for our country.

S. M.

- BOWED down before thy throne,
Beneath our country's care,
Thy goodness, and her guilt, we own ;
Lord ! hear our patriot-prayer.
- 2 We blush for Britain's shame,
O'er Britain's misery bleed ;
Holy her nation but in name,
A favoured, faithless seed.
- 3 The remnant thou hast left,
Thy chosen witness-band,
In sackcloth, as of joy bereft,
Go sighing through her land.
- 4 Her haunts of sin abound
Where saints and prophets dwell,
And vice with sanctity confound,
And paradise with hell !
- 5 Lord, is the time not yet ?
Hath prayer no power on high ?
Where interceding saints are met,
Must dying sinners—die ?
- 6 Oh ! while we importune
The soul-converting grace,
Let all our kindreds wail, and soon
Let all the people praise.
- 7 For him, their crimes have slain,
Mourn every house apart ;
Then burst the hallelujah-strain,
As from a nation's heart !

289. *The claims of their countrymen on Christians.* S. M.

WHO his own flesh doth hate ?
 Yet, strangely, hate not we
 A multitude exceeding great
 Of Britain's family ?

2 Affection's tenderest thought
 Regards a chosen few ;
 But oh ! the numbers, whom we ought
 To love and cherish too !

3 The thickly-peopled plains,
 The city's tainted throng,
 Where Satan unmolested reigns,—
 Why leave we them, so long ?

4 Not those whom most we prize
 More worthy are than they,
 More precious in the Saviour's eyes ;
 Then wherefore thus delay ?

5 With every moment's flight
 Some, hopeless may descend ;
 Blush, tardy Christians, at the sight,
 And pity's arm extend.

6 No rest to heart or eye,
 Nor sabbath sweetness own,
 Till, far as voice and faith can fly,
 The name of Christ is known.

290. *Heathen at home.* L. M.

CAN we the gospel feast partake,
 And in our ceiled houses dwell,
 And yet no pitying effort make,
 For thousands, sinking blind to hell ?

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 See, where on every side they fall ;
The hamlet, with its field of dead,
Those silent graves ! yet drear the call,
That issues from the dusty bed.
- 3 There, sires and sons of many a race
Their solemn rest together keep ;
But who spelt out the word of grace ?
Who woke from nature's heathen sleep ?
- 4 Oh ! let not peace our spirits know,
Nor gospel privilege enjoy,
Till hand to hand we meet the foe,
And save, whom Satan would destroy.
- 5 Thou who hast said, ' All souls are mine ; '
Thou who the price for all hast paid ;
Thou who on thickest night canst shine,
Almighty God ! our efforts aid.
- 6 Thy word the christian
Thy grace the needed
Thy strength thy strength
Thy sheaves thy sheaves

The first

British Church

1811

11. 11.

spiritual

11. 11.

11. 11.

11. 11.

11. 11.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 2 Abroad the glorious tidings spread,
Fly, missionary, fly !
But England's fields are heaped with dead,
And daily still they die :
Come, let us to the rescue stretch
A christian heart and hand,
Nor leave at home the dying wretch,
To heal a pagan band.
- 3 This would we bind ourselves to do,
Nor other leave undone,
Till Jesus, every eye shall view,
That opens to the sun :
Yes, far and wide o'er British plains
His blessed name shall go,
Till far and wide the blessing reigns
As weariness and woe.

292. *The connexion of home with foreign missions.*

L. M.

WE British Christians, all awake,
For our sakes and your country's sake ;
Hear the general cry,
Which all around you die.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 See, where on every side they fall ;
The hamlet, with its field of dead,
Those silent graves ! yet drear the call,
That issues from the dusty bed.
- 3 There, sires and sons of many a race
Their solemn rest together keep ;
But who spelt out the word of grace ?
Who woke from nature's heathen sleep ?
- 4 Oh ! let not peace our spirits know,
Nor gospel privilege enjoy,
Till hand to hand we meet the foe,
And save, whom Satan would destroy.
- 5 Thou who hast said, ' All souls are mine ;'
Thou who the price for all hast paid ;
Thou who on thickest night canst shine,
Almighty God ! our efforts aid.
- 6 Thy word the christian toil directs,
Thy grace the needed blessing yields ;
Strong in thy strength, our faith expects
Abundant sheaves from British fields.

291. *The first claim on the zeal of British Christians.*
C. M. double.

BONE of our bone ! the spirit bleeds
For thousands, Britain-born,
The children of her flowery meads,
Or city-lanes, forlorn,
Who pace of life the weary round,
Its toils and sorrows know,
But never yet the balm have found
For weariness and woe.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 2 Abroad the glorious tidings spread,
Fly, missionary, fly !
But England's fields are heaped with dead,
And daily still they die :
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- 3 This would we bind ourselves to do,
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Till Jesus, every eye shall view,
That opens to the sun :
Yes, far and wide o'er British plains
His blessed name shall go,
Till far and wide the blessing reigns
As weariness and woe.

292. *The connexion of home with foreign missions.*

L. M.

- YE British Christians, all awake,
For Jesus' and your country's sake ;
Commiserate the general cry,
While millions all around you die.
- 2 Ye who to Christ for life have fled,
Those pity, who in sins are dead,
The perishing on distant shores,
The perishing at your own doors,
- 3 If ye yourselves would grace obtain,
If your profession be not vain ;
Let a lost world compassion move,
And thus your own salvation prove.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 With your own countrymen begin,
And urge the wanderers to come in ;
Highways and hedges, streets and lanes,
All haunts explore where darkness reigns.
- 5 The gracious influence who can tell ?
Some future pastors there may dwell—
Some missionaries wait their birth,
To preach glad tidings through the earth.
- 6 Almighty God, stretch forth thy hand,
Send forth thy truth through all the land ;
Our country save, and let it be
The world's, the church's, nursery.

293. *A church gathered from all nations.* L. M.

JEHOVAH hath the promise given,
Let the august decree go forth ;
Bear his command, ye winds of heaven,
To east and west, to south and north.

- 2 ' My sons and daughters scattered far
O'er earth's wide regions, bring away,—
Where rises first the morning-star,
Where lingers last the setting ray.
- 3 ' All who invoke my glorious name,
Shall share with Israel's seed my grace :
A people for myself I frame,
One family to speak my praise.'

294. *One universal temple.* L. M.

WHEN men on earth were multiplied,
In language and in heart the same ;
' Come let us build a tower,' they cried,
' To heaven, and get ourselves a name.'

- 2 The Lord came down to see their boast,
Troubled their speech, embroiled their hands,
And drove the panic-smitten host
From Shinar's plains to unknown lands.
- 3 A tower and temple more sublime,
Whose top indeed to heaven shall reach,
Is raised,—that men of every clime
Again may have one heart, one speech.
- 4 As varying instruments accord
To form the sweetest minstrelsy,
All hearts as one may love the Lord,
All tongues as one in praise agree.
- 5 Thus, till the head-stone be brought forth,
To build that tower the saints unite,
And to the work, from south to north,
From east to west, all tribes invite.
- 6 Let young and old, as duty calls,
Help to erect that house of prayer,
Till God shall bring within its walls
Earth's scattered sons, and bless them there.

295.

Characters of the Messiah.

L. M.

FROM Jesse's root a Branch shall rise,
And from his stem come forth a Rod,
Human, yet offspring of the skies,
The Son of man, the Son of God.

- 2 On him, the uncreated Word,
By all the powers of heaven confest,
On him the Spirit of the Lord,
Of counsel and of might, shall rest.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 He judges not by mortal sense,
But reads the human heart at once ;
Pure are the gifts his hands dispense,
And just the laws his lips pronounce.
- 4 Subdued by his persuasive word,
The nations at his feet shall lie :
But those who dare his glittering sword,
Smitten by righteous wrath, shall die.

296.

The great trumpet blown.

148th.

- HARK ! the great trumpet blown
Sounds through the earth and sky,
And makes to nations known
Redemption drawing nigh :
The ransom's paid, the work is done,
Return, the jubilee's begun !
- 2 Swift at the signal-blast
Assyria's exiles come,
And Egypt's poor outcast
With rapture seeks his home ;
From Zion's hill they hear the sound,
Return, your long-lost rest is found !
- 3 Loud and yet louder still
The jubilee proclaim,
Until the world it fill
With the Deliverer's name :
Jesus hath set the captive free,
Return to life and liberty !

297. "*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
of him that bringeth good tidings!*" C. M.

SWEET was the vision, calm and bright,
To Judah's prophet known,
As o'er his mountain-path of light
Jehovah's envoy shone.

2 The lustre of the morning-star
His feet with radiance shod,
As long he published from afar,
The reign of Zion's God.

3 Nor like a dream of mortal things
His kingdom dies away ;
The sunrise of its glory brings
Eternity of day !

4 Soon shall the watchman's herald-voice
Sing forth, from every shore,
' Rejoice, Jerusalem, rejoice,
Thy sun goes down no more !'

298. "*Come over and help us.*" C. M.

THE nations call ! from sea to sea
Extends the thrilling cry,
' Come over, Christians, if there be,
And help us, or we die.'

2 Our hearts, O Lord, the summons feel ;
Let hand with heart combine,
And answer to the world's appeal
By giving ' that is thine.'

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

3 Have not *we* pined in sore distress,
Soul-stricken, e'en as they,
Till Christ, his blood and righteousness,
Our doom did bear away?

4 And shall we, can we, lie at ease,
The gathering call endure,
And not convey o'er earth and seas
The balsam of our cure?

5 Saviour, our help and healer thou,
With thine own zeal inspire;
Each bosom warm before thee now,
With missionary fire.

6 Say to thy gifted servants, Speed,
Behold the world your field;
Say to the gold, The Lord hath need,
Till hoarded treasures yield.

7 Say to the slumbering soul, Awake,
Ere wanes thy noon away;
Lo! soon I come th' account to take,
Ye stewards of a day.

8 Saviour, forgive; ashamed we lie,
Thy gracious will we know:
Behold, while we delay, they die!
Bid, bid us send, or go.

299. "The dark places of the earth are full of the
habitations of cruelty." C. M.

THAT shriek! 'twas not the gusty wind,
'Twas horror's piercing cry;
The living to the dead they bind,
On burning piles to die.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 2 That plunge! 'twas not the hunted roe,
Her fevered breast to lave;
A mother came, her babe to throw
Alive upon the wave!
- 3 That shout! 'twas not the harvest peal,
Nor cheer of civic deed;
Youth, manhood, age, beneath the wheel
Of a grim demon, bleed.
- 4 Those bones that whiten on the sand!
Have here fierce tigers met?
The relics of a pilgrim band,
The desert path beset.
- 5 Sons, halt and tell me, whither bear
Your father, sick and hoar?
'To where the panther from its lair
This night shall taste his gore.'
- 6 That gentle, strange, unearthly cry,
Whence steals it on the gale?
A buried infant, left to die,
Sends forth its smothered wail.
- 7 Why creeps this shudder o'er the soul?
Comes o'er the cheek this glow?
Might we these hellish wrongs control,—
And yet *forbear* to go?
- 8 Have we a balsam, known and tried,
The maniac to restore,—
And have our hearts been petrified,
That sped we not before?

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 9 From million graves a gathering cry
Repeats the dread appeal ;
Christians, awake ! your fellows die,
Awake their woes to feel.
- 10 Abashed and self-condemned we bow ;
Saviour, our sloth forgive,
And send us, or our treasures, now,
That these, the dead, may live.

300. "*Can these dry bones live ?*" C. M.

- LORD, we would go as thou hast said,
In faith to prophesy,
For wide and far the fields are spread
With bones exceeding dry.
- 2 But what is mortal breath to raise
These armies from their sleep ?
Thy church with humble fervour prays,
Thy servants toil and weep.
- 3 At home, how few the sacred rod
With vital touch revives !
No quickening memory of a God
Arrests their thoughtless lives.
- 4 And oh on yonder burning plains,
Where man putrescent lies,
Can healthy currents fill his veins ?
Can he, to life arise ?
- 5 We feel in utter impotence
Our need of help divine ;
O send us not, we pray thee, hence,
In other strength than thine.

- 6 Go with us, Saviour, and we go,
Nor toil nor peril dread,
Nor quail to meet the demon foe,
Nor doubt amidst the dead.
- 7 Speak—and to thee shall be the praise,
As thine must be the power :
Lo ! if thy church united prays,
Be this her favouring hour.

301. *Misapplication and indifference.* S. M.

- WHAT can we yield? we owe
Ourselves, our lives, our all !
And yet how impotent, or slow
To heed the Master's call !
- 2 Shall sin our gold corrode ?
Indulgence waste the hoard ?
Conscience ! revise the ill-bestowed,
And check the pampering board.
- 3 Shall pride its thousands claim,
In poor attempts to vie,
While yet we bear the christian name,
And hear the heathen cry ?
- 4 Shall niggard care withhold,
For heaps of useless dust,
Treasures of talent, time, or gold,
Vouchsafed us but in trust ?
- 5 Shall apathetic sleep
Our hearts and hands benumb,
While dying nations fill the deep
Where hope shall never come ?

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 6 Lord, what is man, we cry,
How deaf, and cold, and dead !
Come, gird thee with thy majesty,
And forth in glory tread.
- 7 To apostolic zeal
Our slumbering souls expand,
Till every heart the duty feel,
And open, every hand.

302. *Gratitude for our own privileges leading to piety for the heathen.* L. M.

- IF God in sovereign bounty shower
Abundant blessings o'er our isle,
And only show his pomp and power
By depth of glory in his smile :—
- 2 If through our own illumined land,
Full many a temple glads the sight,
Where fearless every faithful band
May homage pay with purest rite :—
- 3 Yea, if love's thousand pulses beat
In thousand hearts through mercy free,
Where myriad thoughts in worship meet—
Each heart a temple, Lord, for thee :—
- 4 How should this favoured people glow
With pity for the pagan crowd,
In awful superstition, low
Before a senseless image bowed !
- 5 Yes, while on our prolific field
The ample harvests daily rise,
'Tis ours with liberal hand to yield
The bread a bounteous Heaven supplies.

- 6 If heaven hath raised on Britain's plain
 A storehouse for the blessed seed,
 Abounding thus, shall we retain,
 Nor freely give to heathen need ?
- 7 No ! guardians, like to Joseph, we,
 Commissioned to dispense the store ;
 Our brethren first supplied shall be,
 Then every famished foreign shore.

303.

For a missionary anniversary.

C. M.

- YES, we have heard from year to year
 These pleadings soft or strong,
 They fall upon the charmed ear
 As a familiar song.
- 2 Delight or sympathy awhile
 Our thrilling bosoms own ;
 And yield a shudder or a smile,
 As suits the speaker's tone.
- 3 But can it be that dying men
 Thus dying men should mock ?
 Oh for conviction's iron pen
 T' engrave the living rock !
- 4 Can it be true that human souls
 Impure by millions die,
 While yet the cleansing fountain rolls
 In free sufficiency ?
- 5 Can it be true that we who lave,
 And feel its power to bless,
 Should leave them staggering to the grave
 In all sin's loathsomeness ?

- 6 Can it be true that Christ hath said,
 'Fly, to all nations, fly !
 The streams of life, the living bread,
 Reveal to every eye ;
- 7 ' And lo ! to earth's remotest bound,
 And nature's closing day,
 My presence shall with them be found
 Who thus my will obey ?'
- 8 Yea, Lord, the truth we long have heard,
 And yet inert remain ;
 Grant now thy Spirit, that thy word
 May speak no more in vain.

304.

Prayer for missionaries.

C. M.

- WE follow through the dreary wild
 The missionary band ;
 From christian privilege exiled,
 In loneliness they stand.
- 2 Lord, wilt not thou in strength arise,
 Their weakness to sustain ?
 To thee they look with pleading eyes,
 And shall they look in vain ?
- 3 Beneath,—the adversary plans,
 Malignant, their defeat ;
 Around them,—gather barbarous clans,
 Inflamed to savage heat.
- 4 Within,—may oft the spirit melt,
 Or mortal strength decay ;
 O Saviour, let thy grace be felt
 Sufficient to their day.

- 5 In every exigence appear,
 Their very present aid ;
 Preserve from that which most they fear—
 Thy cause by them betrayed.
- 6 Yet who is equal to the strife,
 So arduous and so long ?
 Their strength be thou, O Lord, in life,
 And thou in death, their song.

305. *" God gave the increase."* L. M.

'TIS ours to sow the precious grain,
 Though falling where the parched soil
 May seem to mark our labour vain,
 Long ere with fruit it bless the toil.

- 2 'Tis Heaven's to send the sovereign dew,
 To haste the gladsome harvest-time,
 When earth shall all be crowned anew,
 Crowned as in Eden's vernal prime.

306. *Missionary hymn for a period of distress and
 gloom at home.* C. M.

O LORD ! when thy correcting hand
 Lays our own nation low,
 When sore distress pervades the land,
 Is this a time to sow ?

- 2 When glory gilds no more the cloud
 Which doth thy presence hide,
 Shall we, beneath its shadow bowed,
 For heathen wants provide ?
- 3 Ah yes ; 'tis then our eyes should turn,
 With still more stedfast view,
 Where thousand idol-altars burn
 To all gods but the True.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 So haply may the pitying tear
That mourns for pagan night,
Recall averted mercy *here*,
And turn *our* gloom to light.
- 5 And while our supplications rise,
For strangers, to thy throne,
The clouds shall roll from distant skies,
Nor linger in our own.
- 6 Their souls, in answer to our prayer,
Shall see thy gracious smile ;
And rays of love reflected there
Shall spread o'er Britain's isle.

307. "*He that loveth father or mother more than me,
is not worthy of me.*" 7s. double.

FOLLOWERS, if ye love not me
More than this your mother-land ;
Paramount if aught there be
To the beckon of my hand ;
If, my call afraid to hear,
Lingering, loving things behind ;
Think not, that when I appear,
You a throne prepared shall find.

- 2 No, but ye who all resign,
Who the dearest ties forego,
Who existence yield as mine,
Strength, and love, and life bestow ;—
Well done, faithful servants, rise,
With my truth your spirits gird ;
Lo, I send you,—win the prize
Promised in my faithful word.

3 Years in sadness yet may roll,
 Years of weariness and pain,
 Disappointment chill the soul,
 All your labour seem in vain ;
 Hid from you the toilsome way,
 Traced by me its utmost length,
 And to every anxious day
 Know that I apportion strength.

4 Go then, heralds, go in faith,
 This your panoply of proof ;
 Heed but what the Master saith,
 Foes and fears shall keep aloof :
 If, commissioned, ye obey,
 Leave to him all other care,
 Till at length ye hear him say,
 ‘ Enter ye, my joy to share.’

308. *At the return of a missionary to his field of labour.* S. M.

GO, faithful servant, go,
 High purpose to complete,
 And lay thy life and honours low
 Before the Master's feet.

2 Youth, with its kindling strength,
 A sacrifice was paid ;
 Thy fervid noon has come at length ;—
 Ere long, thine evening shade.

3 Through all, glad witness bear
 To him thy soul adores ;
 What scenes of peril speak his care,
 Wild oceans—wilder shores !

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 Still hath his promise been
The pole-star of thy sky,
Amid the waste an Elim green,
A fountain never dry.
- 5 And will he now revoke
The word thy faith that cheers,
Omnipotent as that which spoke
The planets to their spheres ?
- 6 No ! yesterday, to-day,
For ever, is his truth !
And that in age shall be thy stay,
Which was thy strength in youth.
- 7 Go, faithful servant, go,
Our humble blessing share ;
May God, thy Saviour God, bestow
His covenanted care.
- 8 And when the sign is given
To lay thy burden down,
May heathen converts leave their heaven
To bear thee to thy crown.

309.

Mission hymn.

S. 7.

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven,
Bear the gospel's banner high,—
Rest not, till its light is given,
Sun of every pagan sky :
Send it where the pilgrim-stranger
Faints beneath the burning ray,—
Bid the wandering forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

- 2 Where the arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly let its radiance flow :
India sees its lustre stealing ;
Shivering Greenland owns its rays ;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Pours at length her strains of praise.
- 3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,—
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo ! they haste to every station,
Hosts on hosts the ranks supply ;
Onward ! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

310.

The Jews' hymn.

7s.

LOW the tent of David lies,
Prostrate is Judea's throne ;
Who shall bid the fallen rise ?
David's Lord, and he alone.

- 2 He shall rear it from the dust,
He again the ruins build ;
Gentiles in his name shall trust,
Distant nations homage yield.
- 3 In Messiah's diadem,
Glittering like the morning-star,
Then shall sparkle many a gem,
Souls redeemed from regions far,

311. "The blessed and only Potentate." S. M.

- GREAT Potentate ! appear,
 The rebel world subdue ;
 Thy longed-for chariot-wheels we hear,
 Thy opening reign we view !
- 2 The powers of hell combine
 To frustrate and oppose ;
 But strength omnipotent is thine,
 To crush thy mightiest foes.
- 3 Speak ! and thy Son shall reign ;
 Speak ! and thy truth shall spread ;
 The roughest places shall be plain,
 And mountains bow their head.
- 4 Saviour ! in strength divine,
 Visit earth's farthest shore ;
 Let all who live, their songs combine
 To praise thee and adore !

312. *Impotence of persecution.* L. M.

- IN vain shall human force combine
 To shake the cause which God approves ;
 God is with it, and power divine,
 Nor earth nor hell its safety moves.
- 2 Should distant tribes unite their bands,
 Together should they counsel take,
 No might against Jehovah stands,
 No schemes can alter what he spake.
- 3 And thus he said to those who fought
 Against his church in years gone by—
 'The words ye spake shall come to nought,
 And all your rage abortive die.'

313. *A hymn to Christ as the Restorer of the earth.*
C. M.

WE love to call creation Thine,
Who twice hast given it birth :—
Fair as the heavens that o'er it shine,
This blest and blooming earth.

- 2 'Tis thine ; for, with the Father one,
By thee the worlds He made,—
And thence to his eternal Son,
His rightful Heir, conveyed.
- 3 But, lo ! 'tis thine, as, with a price,
Won from the seraph's sword ;
Who formed our world one paradise,
Hath paradise restored.
- 4 Creator Christ ! Redeemer-God !
What heart would thee exclude
From scenes thy hallowing feet have trod,
Thy very blood bedewed ?
- 5 'Tis as the dew of herbs and flowers,
Mown grass, and budding leaves,—
Which, blessing all, through meads and bowers,
Their balmy thanks receives.
- 6 Earth, blessed by thee, still seems thy haunt ;
Her music is thy praise ;
And all the charms her votaries vaunt,
To us, reflect thy rays.
- 7 And oh ! ere long, we trust in thee
'Midst scenes so bright to wake,
That, thence reviewed, e'en *these* shall be
Dim stars at morning-break !

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

CHARITY SERMONS.

314. *Person and property consecrated.* 7s.

CONSECRATED, Lord, to thee,
Holy may our service be—
All we purpose for thy cause
Corresponding with thy laws.

2 Gold and silver all are thine ;
These we cheerfully consign
To thy providential care,
With ourselves, and all we are.

3 In whate'er we do or give
Let us to thy glory live :
When we breathe the latest sigh,
Let us to thy glory die.

315. *At a collection for the poor.* C. M.

THE pitying heart, the bounteous hand,
The soul of charity,
May they who at our threshold stand,
In us conspicuous see.

2 To calls of indigent distress
Freely may each attend ;
A father, to the fatherless,
And to the friendless, friend.

3 The dole that drops from niggard hand,
Is but abhorred on high ;
Who would obey the Lord's command
Must his own flesh deny.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 4 They best shall competence secure
Who scatter thus abroad ;
For he that giveth to the poor,
But lendeth to the Lord.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

316.

A morning hymn.

C. M.

- O** LORD, not those bright heavens alone
Can cheer our pilgrim-way ;
We ask our sunshine from thy throne,
Thy smile, to make our day.
- 2 So let thine angel-guard around
Our paths of life prepare,
That we may find them holy ground,
With thy sweet presence there.
- 3 Then, though the desert-land we tread,
The land where terrors meet,
Thy banner shall be o'er our head,
Thy light before our feet.
- 4 In rudest wilds shall dwell thy power,
Where'er thy pilgrims be,
And love forget each weary hour
When duty toils for thee.

317.

An evening hymn.

C. M.

MY Saviour, shall the night's repose
Succeed the weary day,
Without a song to cheer its close,
And chase its cares away ?

- 2 Too many a thought its joy and woe
Have torn from thee and heaven ;
One evening hour to thee I owe,
One hour to thee be given.
- 3 Thy sun has crowned my lowly head,
And blessed my varied path ;
Then wilt thou in the darkness shed
The vial of thy wrath ?
- 4 No ;—let thy mercy deign to cheer
The last, the solemn hour ;
And, like the evening star, appear
To light a lonely flower.
- 5 Thus be each dark, polluting stain,
Forgiven, yet abhorred ;
Each fleeting hope and thrilling pain
Lost in thy presence, Lord !
- 6 Then, round my bed, with guardian wing,
Infold and shelter me ;
And may I wake thy love to sing,
Or die thy love to see.

318.

Saturday evening.

72.

NOW all chafing care shall cease,
Now worn toil obtain release,
With the world we now have done,
Since ' the sabbath draweth on.'

- 2 This our ' preparation ' be :
Lord ! our hearts we bring to thee ;
May they to thyself be won
While ' the sabbath draweth on.'

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 3 No suspense or doubt we know,
Nor the tomb our tears o'erflow !
He has rolled away the stone,
'Tis his ' sabbath drawing on.'
- 4 Early, at the break of day,
May we seek where Jesus lay ;
Yet we know where he is gone,
Ere ' the sabbath draweth on.'
- 5 Thou alone canst give us rest ;
Thou alone canst make us blest :
Our dark spirits shine upon,
Now ' the sabbath draweth on.'
- 6 We will supplication raise ;
We will lift the voice of praise :
Sing we now in unison
That ' the sabbath draweth on.'
- 7 At this hour, lo ! from their place
Myriad households seek thy face :
We adore thee not alone
That ' the sabbath draweth on.'
- 8 When shall earth's blest sabbath break ;
When its rest all tribes partake ?
See the brightening signal yon,
'Tis that ' sabbath drawing on.'
- 9 And when nature sinks in death,
When heaves slow and faint our breath,
Brighter than e'er day yet shone,
Heavenly ' sabbath,' then draw on !

319.

Early sabbath prayer meeting.

C. M.

EARLY as dawns the morning light,
 We would our minds prepare ;
 And, though but two or three unite,
 Begin the day with prayer.

- 2 So, through the day may grace descend,
 Our hearts in love to raise,
 That, when its holy duties end,
 They still may glow with praise.

320.

Sabbath morning.

C. M.

THE morning ray to Zion's hill
 Directs our cheerful feet ;
 Again thy temple, Lord, we fill,
 Again with thee would meet.

- 2 The Master calls his servants round ;
 They answer to the call,
 Each in their several places found ;
 His love shall knit them all.
- 3 When from the deep chaotic shade
 Sprang forth this orb so fair,
 In solar brilliancy arrayed,
 What wondrous *power* was there !
- 4 But, from the shadows of the tomb
 When Jesus shone above,
 More glorious light, from deeper gloom,
 Was spoken forth by *love*.
- 5 Here Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,
 Beams more divinely bright ;
 Here let us sing his power to save
 From everlasting night.

321.

For evening service.

C. M.

GOD of the sun-light hours, how sad
 Would evening shadows be,
 Or night, in deeper shadows clad,
 If aught were dark to thee!

- 2 How mournfully that golden gleam
 Would touch the thoughtful heart,
 If, with its soft, retiring beam,
 We saw thy love depart!
- 3 But no; the gathering clouds may hide
 Those gentle rays awhile;
 Yet they who in thine house abide
 Shall share again thy smile.
- 4 Enough, while these dull heavens may lower,
 Here if thy presence dwell;
 Here if we feel thy nobler power,
 Thy nobler praise we tell.
- 5 Yea, let creation's volume close,
 Though every page be bright;
 On thine, still open, we repose
 With more intense delight.
- 6 Thence, through the gloom of mortal things,
 Thy mercy can disclose
 More love than many an angel sings,
 For many a sinner's woes.

322.

God numbers our years.

C. M.

MY years are numbered by my God,
 How many, or how few;
 And every danger of my road
 Passes beneath his view.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Determined are my months by him,
And dated all my hours ;
Till death shall chase life's empty dream,
And wake my nobler powers.
- 3 How long, or short, shall be my days,
Is hid in his decree;
And which of death's ten thousand ways
Appointed is for me.
- 4 The line he draws I cannot trace,
Nor would I wish to know
The time, the manner, or the place,
When he shall bid me go.
- 5 Let but his grace my soul prepare,
And make my life his own,
It matters little when, or where,
Or how, I lay it down !

323.

New year, or sparing mercy.

L. M.

- SWIFT hath it come—another year !
With lightning-speed our moments fly :
Reflection claims the sorrowing tear,
And penitence the rising sigh.
- 2 *He* counts our days—that awful Power,
Whose thunder shakes the steady pole ;
And he appoints the final hour,
That parts the body and the soul.
- 3 Oft have our sins deserved the stroke,
And Justice sentenced—' Cut them down ;'
As oft hath pleading mercy spoke—
' Let them another year alone.'

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 4 And lo, we see another year ;
Accept, O Lord, united praise :
Fill every heart with filial fear,
That we may serve thee all our days.

324.

The new year.

C. M.

- I ENTER on another year,
Unknowing what may come ;
The future may be bright and clear,
Or dark and wearisome.
- 2 But the unfoldings of the whole
Shall God's behest obey ;
Submissive to the same control,
That regulates each day.
- 3 He rides upon the tempest's wing,
To guide its wild career ;
He bids the beauties of the spring
Repair the wasted year.
- 4 'Tis he who checks the winter's force,
And lights the summer skies,
And, in the seasons' changing course,
Gives autumn's rich supplies.
- 5 To all, his bounteous hands dispense ;
He hears the raven's call ;
And his unslumbering providence
Beholds the sparrow fall.
- 6 And he hath my protector been,
Thus far my journey through—
Stood by me in each varied scene,
And fed, and led me too.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 7 I enter then, another year,
 Unknowing what may come,
But satisfied that God is near,
 To guide and guard me home.

325.

A new year's hymn.

C. M.

- THUS time rolls on—but am I found
 In paths the saints have trod ?
Do fruits of holiness abound,
 Acceptable to God ?
- 2 I've long professed his name, and would
 Be happy in his love ;
But, am I pressing, as I should,
 Onward to things above ?
- 3 Do I his sacred image bear,
 Whose blood my ransom bought ;
And does my daily walk declare,
 That I of him am taught ?
- 4 Oh how important does each day,
 Each hour, each month, appear !
Since, fast as moments roll away,
 Eternity draws near.
- 5 Lord, I devote my life to thee,
 Oh seal me as thine own ;
May every future moment be
 Employed for thee alone.

326.

Another year.

L. M.

ANOTHER year ?—yes, time hath brought
 The dawning of another year ;
And I must soon—tremendous thought !
At the dread bar of God appear.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 Another year !—and who shall see
Its moments reach their destined close ?
Or who of us shall numbered be
With them that in the grave repose ?
- 3 Does not the Lord, the Saviour, live,
All needful succours to supply ?
And will he not salvation give
To those who trust him, though they die ?
- 4 I welcome then *another year*
From him, who hath prolonged my breath ;
On him relying, lose my fear,
And trust him both in life and death.

327. *A solemn warning, at the commencement of a new period of time.* C. M.

PERPLEXED with trouble and with care,
Our pilgrimage we spend ;
The world's engagements promise fair,
But in delusion end.

- 2 'One thing is needful'—we forget,
And let the years roll on ;
Busy and anxious, lingering yet,
Till health and strength are gone.
- 3 One portion of our time is past,
Another now begins :
Lord ! seal thy warning, lest at last
We perish in our sins.

328. *Imploring the divine guidance at the commencement of a new period of life.* P. M.

FATHER, through this desert guide me
By thy counsel, till I die ;

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

Whether weal or woe betide me,
I am safe if thou art nigh :
Underneath thy wings I hide me,
Trusting thine omniscient eye.

- 2 When the seasons, chill and hoary,
Shall have reached their destined close,
Then receive my soul to glory—
Glory, that no ending knows :
There to see thee—to adore thee—
On thy bosom to repose !

329. *Approaching close of the year.* P. M.

LEAVES of spring, ye all are faded,
Leaves of autumn, ye are sere,
Wreaths of flowers, by summer braided,
Withered are and disappear :
Oh that man would be persuaded
That his winter too is near !

- 2 His young morning glances gaily
O'er the beauties of the scene ;
His meridian, waning daily,
Leaves to life no pause between ;
His old age shines cold and paly
On the tomb that shuts it in.
- 3 While the wings of time are flitting,
While the seasons fast decay,
Calmly, to their change submitting,
We can see them glide away,
Lord, if thou our souls art fitting
For an everlasting day !

FOR THE YOUNG.

330.

Another on the same subject.

L. M.

THE end of all things is at hand,
Be sober, therefore, watch to prayer;
Receive with awe the high command,
Lest justice should no longer spare.

- 2 Days, weeks, and months, and years roll on;
Time's changing scenes I soon must leave:
Oh, when this mortal life is gone,
Jesus, my soul to bliss receive.

FOR THE YOUNG.

331.

Young men exhorted.

L. M.

'YOUNG men exhort,' th' apostle said,
'To cherish soberness of mind;
So, when the bloom of life is fled,
Substantial fruit shall stay behind.

- 2 If God's eternal word of truth
Affect their hearts, their thoughts engage;
Its guardian power shall shield their youth,
Its consolations cheer their age.
- 3 Come then, and choose religion's ways,
In life's sweet fragrantcy and prime:
So peace shall crown your following days—
Peace, indestructible by time.

332.

Warning to the young.

C. M.

SINNERS! young sinners! stay your course,
Nor onward dare to go;
Stem now rebellion's headlong force,
It bears you down to woe.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Such as the seed ye scatter now,
Be sure you soon shall reap ;
Death binds no opiate on the brow,
Of calm, untroubled sleep.
- 3 O take the warning, heed the truth,
Oft told, but rarely heard ;
Impetuous, self-destroying youth,
Give ear to wisdom's word :
- 4 Pause—think—submit to mercy's cry,—
Ere wrath her cup shall fill,
Or even grace shall pass thee by,
And say, ' Be filthy still !'

333.

A prayer for the young.

C. M.

WHILE we with fear and hope survey
This youthful, blooming throng,
And little know th' eventful way
Their steps may pass along ;—

- 2 One day is as a thousand years,
Eternal God, to thee,
And present to thine eye appears
Their whole futurity.
- 3 Thou seest temptation's subtle thread,
Or torture's fiery test ;
'Mid scenes of pleasure or of dread,
Screen thou th' unguarded breast.
- 4 Thy foes are rampant on the field,
Times perilous draw nigh ;
May these a noble army yield,
To conquer as they die ;—

- 5 On many a British plain to raise
The standard of their Lord ;
Or traverse ocean's foaming ways
To plant the cross abroad.
- 6 Saviour ! through each portentous change,
And dangers yet untrod,
Where'er they rest, where'er they range,
Be thou their present God.

334.

Persuasion to the young.

C. M.

- NOT in the whirlwind or the fire,
The Saviour's voice is heard ;
He whispers in the young desire,
Or shines upon his word.
- 2 With cords of love he gathers in
The wanderer to his breast ;
Offers a conquest over sin,
And to the weary rest :
 - 3 For every fatal joy denied,
A heaven of bliss secures ;
And pleasures, deep and purified,
While yet the strife endures.
 - 4 Come ye, to blooming life awake,
In richer pastures feed ;
Come, and a blessedness partake
That meets the spirit's need.
 - 5 Love, hope, delight, a noble aim
At deeds of true renown,
A safe defence from guilt and shame,
The happy choice shall crown.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 6 Come, ere beneath the closing dust
Your fathers' heads shall lie,
And yield your hearts, and place your trust,
Where we for heaven rely.

335.

"Give me thine heart."

C. M.

COULD heavenly claims constrain the heart,
Or charms celestial win,
Lord! I should give thee mine,—and part,
This moment, from my sin.

- 2 Could weeping age, entreating truth,
Or bleeding Mercy, melt,
These yearnings for the heart of youth,
Lord! not in vain were felt.
- 3 Thou hast a right to youngest souls—
From whom their being beamed,
Whose 'endless life' their life controls,
Whose precious death redeemed.
- 4 Thou art all-worthy—Source, and Rest,
Of pure affection thou!
Thy smile can make the sufferer blest;
Thy rod the rebel bow.
- 5 Earth's sorcerers, in thy presence, cease;
Nor right, nor worth, have they;
Nor can they make the sinner's peace,
Nor take the saint's away.
- 6 Then, what diverts my hope, or awe,
From thee and things above?
A mind not subject to thy law,
Not conquered by thy love!

FOR THE YOUNG.

- 7 Born of the flesh, 'tis fleshly still ;
And holy power from high
Must touch its conscience, turn its will,
Or I must sin, and die !
- 8 And yet, to *yield* it to thy power
I feel I ought, and may ;
Lo, there thou hast thine own, this hour ;
Seal, seal it thine, this day !

336.

Youthful surrender.

C. M.

- SAVIOUR! with fear and trembling, see,
We come, as thou hast said ;
And long, and pray, and hope to be
With those thou lovest fed.
- 2 We dare not speak the solemn vow
But by thy Spirit's aid,
Yet come, in humble faith that thou
Our Surety shalt be made.
- 3 Life with its perils while we view,
Our souls in terror shrink ;
But if thy promise bear us through,
We know we cannot sink.
- 4 Fain would we now surrender make
Of our whole selves to thee ;
Jesus, the humble offering take,
Unworthy though it be.
- 5 And while our strength and bloom endure,
Or when in years decayed,
Do thou from force or art secure
The pledge we now have paid.

337. *The youth's morning hymn.*

C. M.

O THOU, who in thy pilgrimage
 Didst smile upon the young,
 Th' affections of my heart engage,
 The praises of my tongue.

- 2 Through all the duties of the day,
 Let heavenly wisdom guide ;
 In future life's uncertain way,
 Still keep me near thy side ;—
- 3 And when, th' eventful journey o'er,
 I draw my parting breath,
 Thee may I praise for evermore,
 Triumphant over death.

338. *The youth's evening hymn.*

C. M.

L ORD, I commend myself to thee,
 Now darkness shuts the scene ;
 For thou, from earliest infancy,
 Hast my Protector been.

- 2 Through all the perils of the night,
 My life in safety keep ;
 And grant me, with the morning light,
 To wake refreshed by sleep.
- 3 And when the night of death shall come,
 Let not its shades dismay ;
 But by thy presence chase the gloom,
 And bring eternal day.

339. *At the admission of young members.* C. M.

ONCE, in the error of our way,
We slept in pleasure's bowers ;
Happy we feel it now to say,
'Our fathers' God be ours.'

2 Sweet cheerfulness and joy abide
In that devoted breast,
That comes, with life a rising tide,
To Jesus Christ for rest.

3 Humbly we give our witness in,
That pleasant are his ways ;
But hard the servitude of sin,
And death the toil repays.

4 We ask the liberty, O Lord,
Wherewith thou makest free ;
And look and wait for their reward,
Who yield their lives to thee.

5 Here, at the posts of wisdom's door,
We bow, a willing band,
To own the vows we made before,
And sign them with our hand.

340. *The prayer and the hope of the church.* C. M.

THE hope of future years behold
In these young bosoms pent ;
Zion, thy sons of finest gold,
For use and ornament.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 Thine enemy, and theirs, at hand,
Lurks, prowling to devour ;
Oh may they every aim withstand
Of cunning or of power.
- 3 Do not our hearts within us burn
In fervency of prayer ?
Maker of souls ! to thee we turn,
Or sure we should despair.
- 4 Forth from the world our children lead,
Beneath thy banners blest ;
Nor let the cruel foe succeed
With one unguarded breast.
- 5 Have not we known his cursed skill,
His fatal prowess found,
To take those captive at his will,
Who linger on his ground ?
- 6 Urge, Saviour, urge the needful flight,
As hope, as life they prize,
And ere this day's departing light
Enrol them for the skies.

SICKNESS AND BEREAVEMENT.

341. *Under domestic affliction.*

S. M.

LORD, thou hast bid us pray
Whenever troubles rise ;
Thou wilt not frown our souls away,
Nor our complaints despise.

SICKNESS AND BEREAVEMENT.

- 2 We feel thy chastening hand,
Yet would we not repine ;
But with adoring reverence stand,
And bow to thy design.
- 3 Yet, Lord, in mercy hear,
And bid thine anger stay ;
Avert the judgments that we fear,
And turn our night to day.
- 4 Thy mercy, Lord, we plead,
Let mercy now prevail ;
A Saviour's blood shall intercede,
And that can never fail.

342.

In age and sickness.

8. 8. 6.

WITH years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To thee, O God, I pray :
To thee my withered hands arise,
To thee I lift these failing eyes,
Oh ! cast me not away !

- 2 Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days :
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.
- 3 O Saviour ! has thy grace declined ?
Can years affect th' Eternal Mind,
Or time its love decay ?—
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 Then, e'en in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee :
Oh ! yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre,
Have yet a strain for thee !
- 5 Yes ! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long ;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song !

343.

Visiting the sick.

C. M.

- LET others seek the house of mirth,
And throng the festive board,
Partake the highest joys of earth,
The most it can afford ;
- 2 We'll keep a nobler path in view,
The path the Saviour trod ;
His bright example we'll pursue,
And imitate our God.
- 3 He left the realms of bliss above,
Became a man of grief ;
On wings of everlasting love
He flew to our relief !
- 4 And we would seek the lonely spot
Where pain or sorrow hides,
Where life's bright joys are all forgot,
And nought but grief abides.

SICKNESS AND BEREAVEMENT.

- 5 And there we'll pour religion's balm,
To heal the wounded breast,
And point to that Almighty arm,
On which the weary rest.
- 6 We'll tell the sinner, Jesus died
His wretched soul to save,
And lead him to 'the Crucified,'
For hope beyond the grave.
- 7 Do thou, O Lord, our efforts own ;
Our weakness we confess ;
Yet, while we trust in thee alone,
Thou wilt thy servants bless.

344. " *We all do fade as a leaf.*" L. M.

WELL doth a summer leaf explain
The transient state of feeble man :
We flourish fair in youthful bloom,
Till age and pallid autumn come :

- 2 He comes with sickness at his side,
He withers all our verdant pride ;
And shaken by the stormy gust,
We drop and crumble into dust.

345. *For the funeral of an infant.* L. M. double.

THE mildest form of man's decay,
An infant corpse, reposes here :
But can this cold and ghastly clay
Be all, a mother held so dear—
Be all, a father's thought embraced ?
No,—mark its flight to yonder skies ;
He is not here ! the gloom is chased,
Why weep we, when an infant dies !

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 When he, the Saviour, clothed in might,
Rose conqueror from death's iron bars,
Millions of infants tracked his flight,
A galaxy of living stars.
From heathen rite of flood or flame,
Or, christian mother, from thy breast,
The Son of God, with royal claim,
Receives the dying babe to rest.

346. *On the sight of a happy death.* 148th.

- THUS may we die!—to me,
Would every spirit say,
Such consolation be,
When ebbs my life away :
Thus may we all, thy name who bear,
The meed of christian triumph wear.
- 2 Yet, should thy wisdom choose
The strength of faith to try,
And in that hour refuse
Thy presence to her eye ;
Still, underneath, thine arm be found,
Whate'er the storm that foams around.
- 3 Yes, in thy faithful word,
To which in life we cleave,
The promise, softly heard,
Still help us to believe ;
Whate'er our faithlessness may urge,
'Twill safely steer us through the surge.

347. *At the death of a minister.* L. M.

THE pastor's voice we loved to hear,
But often heard, alas, in vain,

SICKNESS AND BEREAVEMENT.

In hallowed words of hope and fear,
Will never bless our ears again.

- 2 Oh ! let us dwell with solemn thought
On all the words of truth he gave ;
The lesson to the heart is brought,
When sorrow muses o'er the grave.
- 3 O Saviour ! from thy holy hill
Regard our wants, and hear our cry ;
Thou art our Guide and Shepherd still,
Though earthly pastors fail and die.

348. *Thanksgiving for a triumphant death.* 148th.

WE thank thee, thou with whom
The keys of death abide ;
Whose smile can gild the tomb,
And roll its mists aside ;
We thank thee for the glory spread
Around our brother's dying bed.

- 2 What could we ask for more ?
Thy grace, a plenteous spring,
Doth make his cup run o'er,
And cause his lips to sing,—
E'en while the wave is swelling by ;
' O death ! where is thy victory ? '
- 3 To thee, our Lord, to thee
The victory belongs,
When bounds the captive free
To everlasting songs :
Ten thousand thanks, that thus is given
To faith below, a glimpse of heaven !

349. *For a church, or a family, at its first sabbath-meeting after a bereavement.* 6 lines 8s.

WHY should our songs in sighings cease?
 Yon heavenly lyres, which lulled to peace,
 Now challenge us to joy again;
 We paused awhile, to drink their tone,—
 How sweet! but now we grasp our own,
 And strike them to a louder strain.

- 2 Another of our band is safe!
 No terrors haunt, no breezes chafe,
 No shocks disturb, his spirit more;
 Our Pilot, who the land unknown
 Once reached through seas of wrath, *alone*,
 Hath guided him unharmed to shore.
- 3 That Guide is ours, that Guide is God!
 The womb, the world, the cross, the clod,
 He consecrated, for our aid;
 United in himself his saints;
 And, 'midst bereavement's meek complaints,
 Their fellowship immortal made.
- 4 Thus, songs our common hope attest
 With all safe-harboured in his breast,
 And blend with gladder music there!
 Yea, e'en our sorrow's heavenward sighs,
 Like wailing winds when storms arise,
 May waft a song with every prayer.
- 5 His name we sing! th' unsinning host
 No Saviour need, no Saviour boast,
 Yet laud the Infinite I AM;
 But ransomed souls, on earth, above,
 Sing, Glory to the God of love,
 And, Glory, glory to the Lamb'

SICKNESS AND BEREAVEMENT.

- 6 Thrice blest the name, that makes us one ;
And happy they, who, hasting on,
Have reached the rest to pilgrims given :
Dear Lord ! on us, who thither tend,
Let heaven, whene'er we sing, descend,
Till we are raised, in turn, to heaven !

350.

At a funeral.

C. M.

FAREWELL ! with bleeding hearts we leave
These relics in the dust ;
O grave ! the precious gift receive
To thy unconscious trust.

- 2 Our hopes above thy chills arise,
And breathe in upper air ;
Secure in Christ, he never dies
Who sought his safety there :
3 We trust, our dear companion gone,
Thus sought, and thus attained :
Come, fellow-mourners, hasten on,
Till ye the crown have gained.
4 In closer love together knit,
Let us our course pursue ;
Then glad this scene of parting quit,
To form one band anew.

351.

At the funeral of a Christian father. L. M.

YES, we have borne him to the tomb,
The knot is severed, earliest tied ;
Yet, saw we not a promise bloom
E'en at the moment when he died ?

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 2 'The Lord shall take the orphan up,'
Though desolate and sore bereft,
He sweetly, in the bitter cup
This word of faithful love has left,
- 3 With thankful hearts, we own the care
To guard our helpless childhood given;
We thank thee for a father's prayer,
A father's finished track to heaven.
- 4 With eyes that sorrow scarce can dim,
Would we his upward course pursue;
Pledged, humbly pledged, to follow him,
His life to live, his work to do.
- 5 Thus in the hour of tenderest grief,
We consecrate our coming years,
Embrace the promise for relief,
And leave with God an orphan's fears.

352.

At the funeral of a mother.

L. M.

- SHE died;—but did the Saviour die,
When sank in death her gentle head?
Do all our comforts scattered lie,
Crushed in the earth on which we tread?
- 2 Have we no helper, none to guide,
To soothe, to counsel, or to cheer?
And have we none in heaven beside,
Or does the Lord forget to hear?
- 3 Stay, burning drops, and bitter sighs,
Our God the orphan's sorrow knew,
And to a special grief supplies,
A word of special solace too.

4 Father and mother both may fail ;
They are but kindly-moulded clay ;
But He, who hears the mourner's wail,
Can comfort better e'en than they.

5 Cast on his love thy weight of care,
Meekly on this his promise live,
And find that he who answers prayer
Can even joy for mourning give.

353. *At the funeral of a husband or wife.* C. M.

DID we not say—'till death do part,'
When first the bond we wore ?
Then why rebels the lonely heart
At what it owned before ?

2 Forgive, eternal God ! forgive,
Thy creatures of a day,
That thus, for aught but thee, they live,
And bind their souls to clay.

3 Forgive idolatry, that clings
With fond, convulsive might,
To these dear perishable things,
These glances of delight !

4 We'd bury in this closing grave,
Hard though the struggle be,
Excess of earthly love, and save
The spirit's strength for thee.

5 By thee the blessed boon was given,
Bestowed but to recall ;
Grant now that, from the creature driven,
Our God may be our all.

354. *At the funeral of a brother or sister.* C. M.

TOGETHER hand in hand we grew,
 As life in smiles appeared ;
 One home of sweet affection knew,
 By blending cares endeared :

2 But death, relentless, bore apart
 Those whom one bosom fed ;
 Transfixed with woe the living heart,
 And triumphed in the dead.

3 Lord, at this early opened grave
 Accept our broken cry ;
 Here solace, strength, and grace we crave
 For every heart's supply.

4 A soft, uniting spirit shower
 Around our future way,
 As, mindful of the parting hour,
 We meet the passing day :

5 So when within this quiet bed
 We too a home shall find,
 May only love's sweet tear be shed,
 By those we leave behind.

355. *At the funeral of a child.* C. M.

DEAR, precious child ! and must we part ?
 This cavern, deep and cold,
 Must this enwrap thy loving heart,
 Thy tender limbs infold ?

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

- 2 Sorely would stricken nature cry,
If not by grace withheld;
O thou who hast a pitying eye,
Let, let the storm be quelled.
- 3 Be these, our jarring wills, attuned
To thine, in sweet accord;
And soothe, and heal the burning wound,
With thy compassions, Lord.
- 4 Thou wouldst that heaven should be our home,
Our treasure there be found,
But long we better loved to roam
On earth's enchanted ground.
- 5 O, if our bosoms thus must bleed,
Thy blessed work pursue,
And, in the way that most we need,
Our souls for heaven renew.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

356.

The Christian in poverty.

C. M.

- SEE yonder lowly, humble cot,
To man almost unknown,—
A calm, sequestered, peaceful spot,
Noticed by God alone!
- 2 No glittering pomp, no costly fare,
No luxuries there are found,
But hallowed notes of praise and prayer
Within its walls resound.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

- 3 What though the world pass heedless by,
And call it mean and base ;
'Tis precious in Jehovah's eye,
A consecrated place.
- 4 For there, th' all-seeing eye surveys
A son, an heir of God,
A trophy of victorious grace,
Purchased by precious blood.
- 5 Hail, highly-favoured child of Heaven !
Though poor thy lot below,
To thee by sovereign grace 'tis given
Redeeming love to know.
- 6 'Tis thine sweet converse to maintain
With thine ascended Lord,
And soon thy ransomed soul shall gain
Its rich and full reward.
- 7 A little while, and thou shalt leave
This world of toil and care ;
Thy bright inheritance receive,
And dwell for ever there.

357. *For a day of humiliation.* C. M.

WHAT time a nation turns to me,
And sets my laws in view,
Then, saith the Lord, stand still and see
What my right hand can do.

- 2 I may have passed a fearful word
To visit for their ways,
But when with awe the doom is heard,
My threatened wrath delays :

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

- 3 Delays, to see if lips alone
The due confession pour ;
Or whether contrite spirits groan,
Resolved to sin no more.
- 4 'Twas thus the ancient prophets spoke,
And thus, with one accord,
Warned to repentance, we invoke
The mercy of the Lord.
- 5 Behold ! we meet, a praying few,
Yet more than Sodom's five ;
Incline thine ear, O Lord, and do,
While we for Britain strive.
- 6 Sin rests upon the guilty land,
On every home a blight,
Yet stay th' avenging angel's hand,
Nor, as we merit, smite !
- 7 Each soul and family apart
The nation's guilt doth share,
The spirit send, to every heart,
Of penitence and prayer.
- 8 So shall the fearful cloud remove,
That black with vengeance lowers ;
And praying breath once more shall prove
A pardoning God is ours !

358. *For a time of persecution.*

C. M.

OH never should the holy fire
That dwelt in Israel's heart,
In listless apathy expire,
And from our race depart.

- 2 When Babel asked for Zion's song
From lips of captive men,
Brooked they the insult and the wrong
With tame submission then ?
- 3 No, for their pious hearts abhorred,
And met with calm disdain,
The wine-cup of the festal board,
The shout on Dura's plain.
- 4 Fearless, before the burning tomb,
Before the lions' den,
They stood, unmoved to hear the doom
Pronounced by tyrant men.
- 5 Strong in Jehovah's strength they stood,
Strong in his firm embrace ;
Till Babel's wrath, like Egypt's flood,
Retired before his face.
- 6 So let our faith, when fiercely tried,
Prove our profession true ;
So let it smile at kingly pride,
With heaven, through flames, in view.

359.

Tract distributors.

S. 3

SERVANTS of Christ, away ;
In works of love combine ;
Go forth, with zeal, from day to day,
To scatter truth divine.

- 2 Go, with a bleeding heart,
And melting tones of love—
Meekly, to dying men impart
Your message from above.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

- 3 With strength that faith receives,
Go, in the power of prayer,
And, in those few and humble leaves,
Glad news from Jesus bear.
- 4 Fear not what scorers say ;
Go, trusting in the Lord ;
And he with smiles will cheer your way,
And be your great reward.

360. *For a Christian seeking to be useful.* 6 lines 8s.

- OH for my Master's generous mind !
That I might live to bless mankind,
A selfish quietude condemn,
And serve the Lord by serving them ;
Nor all in secret joy expend
The gifts which on my soul descend.
- 2 Too well I love to glide unseen,
With twilight, through some lone ravine,—
Where earth, o'erhanging high, hath bent
An interposing firmament,
And flowers, along its brink that glow,
Are stars to that still world below.
- 3 No ! 'tis a nobler joy to move
In open tracks, with life, and love,
And, scattering blessings in my train,
Receive them in new bliss again ;
Earth's brodered robe beneath me spread,
Heaven fondly brightening o'er my head !

- 4 I covet years in duty spent,
 Unspotted, useful and content;
 The Christian home, the crowded shrine,
 The paths of sympathy divine,—
 And, like the last my Master trod,
 A death-bed witnessing for God!

361. *The aid of the Holy Spirit implored.* C. M.

- ETERNAL, Holy Spirit! bend
 To us in mercy down;
 O hear thy suppliants, and descend
 Our humble work to crown.
- 2 No more we wait the rushing wind,
 That marked thy viewless wing;
 Breathe softly o'er each willing mind,
 As earliest breath of spring.
- 3 The seed by us in winter sown—
 The winter of the heart,
 Shall soon by holy fruits be known,
 If thou thine aid impart.
- 4 No more we ask the cloven flame,
 To shed a glory round;
 Be but the savour of thy name
 On us, like unction, found.
- 5 What though in plain, unvarying speech,
 The wanderers home we call,
 'Tis ours with child-like art to teach,
 But thine to perfect all.

- 6 Yea, uninstructed lips may wake
 The guilty, slumbering soul,
 If thou from heaven's high altar take,
 For them, the living coal.
- 7 What though no more our potent word
 The demon may expel;
 E'en now, where'er in faith 'tis heard,
 No rebel-sin can dwell.
- 8 Do thou, with fructifying shower,
 Complete what we begin;
We plant, then pray *thine* heavenly power
 To ripen all within.

362.

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

*"They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and
 their spears into pruning-hooks."* 8. 7.

- H**ARK! the sounds of joy and gladness;
 Whence the shout of rural mirth?
 Man repents his murderous madness,
 Man, the tiger of the earth!
 Lo! the glittering sword descending,
 Cleaves the soil it drenched before,
 And the spear, the vintage tending,
 Gives its work of carnage o'er.
- 2 Men, not now their hands imbruening,
 Brother, in a brother's blood,
 Sport with terror, death, and ruin,
 Reckless borne on passion's flood:

Arts of peace, the nations blessing,
 Clothe the hills, the valleys cheer;
 While the world, its wrongs redressing,
 Breathes a new, sabbatic year.

- 3 Lord of earth! its mournful story
 Hasten, in thy grace, to close:
 Bring the days of brighter glory,
 Calm its tumults, heal its woes;
 All, around the cross uniting,
 Blend in one harmonious throng;
 Peace, the rolls of time inditing,
 Love, the universal song.

363. ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

"Neither shall they learn war any more." C. M.

WHAT hath the gospel yet to do
 A fallen world to raise?
 To form distempered man anew
 To love, and peace, and praise:—

- 2 To hush the discords of his breast,
 Within, at home, abroad;
 Of every demon dispossessed,
 To make him like his Lord.
- 3 Nations the glorious day shall hail,
 Wise, tranquil, just, and free;
 And every mountain, every vale,
 Own but one family.
- 4 How long, O Lord, the hour delay
 Of this predicted joy?
 How long shall man, thine image, say,
 'Tis glory to destroy?

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

- 5 O come, with energy divine,
 A fallen world to raise,
 Till earth in all the beauty shine
 Of love, and peace, and praise.

364. *Review and anticipation of mercy.* 6 lines 8s.

MERCY and goodness, O my God,
 Have followed me through all my days;
 Thy strengthening staff, thy guiding rod,
 Upheld my steps, made straight my ways:
 Lord, till I reach thy heavenly hill,
 Goodness and mercy guard me still.

- 2 And when I yield this mortal breath,
 Thy rod my fainting soul defend;
 And, through the vale and shade of death,
 Thy staff support me to the end:
 Mercy and goodness then shall be
 My song to all eternity!

DOXOLOGIES.

365.

Doxology.

L. M.

OH Thou, whom neither time nor space
 Can circle in,—Unseen, Unknown,
 Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
 Save through thy Spirit and thy Son!

- 2 And Thou, who, from thy bright abode,
 To us in mortal weakness shown,
 Didst take the manhood into God,
 Eternal, co-eternal Son!

DOXOLOGIES.

- 3 And Thou, whose unction from on high
By comfort, light, and love is known ;
Who, with the parent Deity,
Blest Spirit ! art for ever one !
- 4 Great First and Last ! thy blessing give,
And grant us faith, thy gift alone,
To love and praise thee while we live,
And do whate'er thou wouldst have done.

366.

Doxology.

L. M.

PRAISE ye the Father, praise the Son,
And Spirit,—praise the Three in One.
Sun, moon, and stars, your praise be given ;
Praise, all on earth ; praise, all in heaven.

367.

Doxology.

C. M.

- TO him, whose pangs our peace have bought,
A Saviour's crown belongs,
Our holiest passion, loftiest thought,
And most celestial songs.
- 2 And blest is he, who, like a dove,
The pledge of peace conveys ;
The grace that seals Jehovah's love,
Shall share Jehovah's praise.
- 3 And thou, whose Son the Saviour is,
Whose Spirit the Comforter ;
Thou art the fount of all the bliss
Thy God-like gifts confer.
- 4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
In essence and in counsel, one,
Sing all the ransomed host.

DOXOLOGIES.

368.

Doxology.

L. M. double.

ETERNAL Father, throned above,
 Thou Fountain of redeeming love ;
 Eternal Son, who left thy throne,
 For man's rebellion to atone ;
 Eternal Spirit, who dost give
 That grace whereby our spirits live ;
 Thou God of our salvation, be
 Eternal praises paid to thee !

369.

Doxology.

148th.

FATHER, creation's voice,
 Untiring, speaks thy praise :
 Thine is the sovereign choice
 Which all event obeys :
 Of love art thou the shoreless sea :
 Thine, universal homage be !

2 Great Son of peerless height,
 In man's low fashion found,
 Our pardoned souls delight
 Thy blessed name to sound :
 To thee, let every tongue and tribe
 Salvation's glorious work ascribe !

3 Spirit of God, divine,
 Whose influence, softly shed,
 Controlling, and benign,
 Doth raise to life the dead ;
 From whom the world regenerate springs ;—
 The church to thee glad tribute brings !

CLOSING HYMN.

- 4 Thus, humbly we receive
The truth thy word reveals ;
A Triune God believe,
Whom glorious light conceals :
To thee all love, all praise, is due ;
One, only, living God, and true !

370.

Closing hymn. C. M. with repeat.

- SWEET, in the many-voiced quire,
With saints on earth to blend ;
To mingle in the one desire,
In one full song ascend ;
Or, warm with love's domestic fire,
The hour of praise to spend.
- 2 Sweet, at the sacred board to sit,
When softest hymns arise,
The flame of high devotion lit
From heaven's own sacrifice !
Loth is the gathered church to quit
That earnest of the skies.
- 3 But oh, a brighter sabbath beams,
And nobler songs resound,
Where, on the golden pavement, gleams
A board, more richly crowned !
Where music floats in fuller streams,
And happier guests are found.
- 4 There, safe at home, the saints abide,
Of many an age gone by ;
There, those we love, in faith that died,
A glorious company !
And there, the Christ, the crucified,
Revealed to every eye !

CLOSING HYMN.

- 5 Awhile, we lisp the lesson o'er
For that entrancing day,
But long, th' eternal chant to pour,
The new, immortal lay,
And seeing then, as seen, t' adore,
And go not thence away!



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